

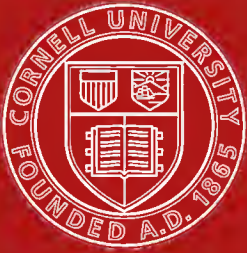
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—SECOND—

BIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL

AT

CHICAGO

May 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31

1884

THEODORE THOMAS

MUSICAL DIRECTOR

EDITED BY GEORGE P. UPTON

CHICAGO
KNIGHT AND LEONARD, PRINTERS

1884

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ORDER OF PERFORMANCES.

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH,		First Evening Concert.
MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH,		Second Evening Concert.
MAY TWENTY-NINTH,		First Afternoon Concert.
MAY TWENTY-NINTH,	-	Third Evening Concert.
MAY THIRTIETH,		Fourth Evening Concert.
MAY THIRTY-FIRST,		Second Afternoon Concert.
MAY THIRTY-FIRST,	-	Fifth Evening Concert.

The evening concerts will commence promptly at 8 o'clock, and the afternoon concerts promptly at 2 o'clock.

After the commencement of a concert, persons will not be allowed to enter the auditorium until the close of a number, or at such opportune time as will not disturb the music.

Owing to the length of the programme numbers, no encores will be allowed.

The intermissions designated upon the programmes will extend from fifteen to twenty minutes, and the concert will resume at the sound of the trumpet.

Season tickets for seven concerts, including reserved seats, for sale from May 5 to 10, \$15.00
Single concert tickets, with reserved seats, for sale on and after Monday, May 12, according to location, \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.00

Any further information can be obtained by addressing

MILWARD ADAMS, Business Manager of the Festival,
Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill.

THE SECOND BIENNIAL

CHICAGO MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE work of Theodore Thomas is always progressive and educational, and to one who regards that work, as illustrated by his first concerts given in this city, now fifteen years ago, the first experiments with chorus in 1873, the Apollo Club Festival, the Summer Night Concerts at the Exposition Building, the gradual utilization of our local musical forces, leading up to the first Festival of 1882, the successive advances he has made will be clearly perceptible.

In all its elements, the efficiency of the orchestra, the strength and ability of the chorus, the eminence of the solo artists, and the greatness of the works to be performed, the Festival of 1884 marks a step in advance of that of 1882. In the latter year the Wagner music was mainly interpreted by Frau Materna, who had been honored by the composer with the principal place in the first Bayreuth Festival. In this Festival we have the trio of artists who created their respective rôles in both the first and second Bayreuth Festivals, Frau Materna, Herr Scaria, and Herr Winkelmann, from the Hofopernhaus, Vienna, so that Mr. Thomas is enabled to still further enrich his programmes with selections from Wagner's later works, and scenes from the older ones, "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," which he has never given here before. By the aid of these artists, reinforced by Mme. Christine Nilsson and other soloists, he is also enabled to present the larger part of "Tannhäuser," with a choral and orchestral setting also which will insure the most remarkable performance ever heard in this country. Mme. Nilsson, whose fame as an oratorio singer is hardly second to that which she enjoys as an operatic prima donna, will not only appear as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," but will be heard at her best in Haydn's "Creation." In addition to these artists, Miss Emma Juch, a singer of recognized ability in this country and in England, and who has had much stage experience, Mr. Remmert, who is admirably qualified for festival work, Mr. Toedt and Mr. Heinrich, will also appear and add to the strength of the solos.

The Chorus of 1884, like that of 1882, has been under the charge of Mr. W. L. Tomlins, the sub-director of the Festival. Though the works to be rehearsed were still larger, and have involved more arduous labor, he has discharged his trust with that unflagging enthusiasm and conscientious fidelity

which have always characterized him as a chorus-master. His intimate knowledge of Mr. Thomas' ideas and methods, and his sympathy with the objects he has in view, joined with his own musical intelligence and executive ability, have peculiarly fitted him for his commission as the Musical Director's lieutenant. The Chorus which he has trained will speak for him, and will show how patiently and perseveringly they have followed in the path he has marked out for them. The orchestra, it may safely be asserted, will be the largest and most efficient Mr. Thomas has ever brought here. In the auxiliaries of wind and percussion instruments for certain works, like the Berlioz "Requiem" and the "Dettingen Te Deum," amounting to twelve horns, twelve trumpets, eight tenor trombones, eight bass trombones, six tubas, ten kettle drums, two bass drums and ten pairs of cymbals, the strength and grandeur of this orchestra have never been equaled in this country; while for the color and beauty of tone which will be attained by its string band of one hundred and seven pieces, it will be equally remarkable.

The general scheme of the concerts differs from that of 1882, which embraced four evening and three afternoon concerts. Upon this occasion there will be five evening and two afternoon concerts. The evening concerts will be devoted exclusively to large works, — "The Creation," "Tannhäuser," the Berlioz "Requiem," extended selections from "Die Walküre," the "Dettingen Te Deum," the colossal (if we may so term it) duet which forms the finale of the third act of "Siegfried," Gounod's sacred trilogy, "The Redemption," and three great symphonies, the G Major of Mozart, the "Eroica" of Beethoven, and the Ninth of Schubert. The two matinees are distinctive in character. The first will be devoted to Wagner's music, including selections from "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," the "Götterdämmerung," and the "Meistersänger," preluded by the Centennial March. At the second matinee, in addition to a miscellaneous list of numbers by the soloists and orchestra, the audience will be entertained by the singing of nearly one thousand children, whom Mr. Tomlins has had under his charge for a long time. Their performance will show what astonishing results may be produced from material, originally crude and unformed, and will prove a revelation to those who are not acquainted with this leader's skill in developing the voices of children and grounding them in musical intelligence.

Such a grand Festival, so clearly planned and generously and broadly organized, so free from all claptrap and sensationalism, must not only result in a more healthy local interest in music, but arouse a keener and more intelligent appreciation of the highest forms of musical art, and in all justice it may be added, a higher and more enthusiastic appreciation of the genius of the great conductor, Theodore Thomas, and the noble work he is doing for music in America.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

THEODORE THOMAS.

SOPRANOS.

FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA
(Court Singer, Imperial Opera, Vienna),

MISS EMMA JUCH,

AND

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

CONTRALTO.

MISS EMILY WINANT.

TENORS.

HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN
(Court Singer, Imperial Opera, Vienna),

MR. THEODORE J. TOEDT,

MR. CHAS. W. BARNES.

BASSES.

HERR EMIL SCARIA
(Court Singer, Imperial Opera, Vienna),

MR. FRANZ REMMERTZ,

MR. MAX HEINRICH,

MR. GEO. H. BRODERICK.

CHORUS MASTER.

MR. WILLIAM L. TOMLINS.

MAY FESTIVAL CHORUS,

NINE HUNDRED VOICES.

GRAND FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE MUSICIANS.

THE SOLOISTS.

FRAU FRIEDRICH-MATERNA, the great prima donna of the Bayreuth Festival, whose fame is not confined to mere personal interest, but who has achieved the rare distinction of identifying herself with a musical epoch, and has thus contributed to the progress of music in the world, was born at St. Georgen, Styria, July 10, 1847. She is the daughter of a local schoolmaster, who was her first instructor in music. While still a child she also studied with Capellmeister Netzer in Gratz. For a time she sang in church and also in the theater of that place, making her first appearance in 1864 as the *Apprentice* in Suppe's "Flotte Burschen." Her success during the next two years in operettas led to her engagement at the Carl Theater in Vienna, where, during her performances of light work, she studied the opera seria with Proch. Her singing of *Elvira's* great aria in "Don Giovanni" before Esser and the manager of the Imperial Opera House led to her engagement, and she made her debut at that house as *Selika* in "L'Africaine" with great success. Her performance was greeted with such enthusiasm that, after performances of *Amalia* in "Un Ballo en Maschera" and *Leonora* in "Fidelio," she was engaged for a term of three years, and soon reached the high position which she has ever since maintained among the opera singers of the German school, though her greatest triumphs still were before her. A prominent German critic predicted that her greatest successes would be reached in Verdi's operas, but this prophet was without honor everywhere, for her grandest triumph was achieved in a diametrically opposite direction, and in a school which called for something higher than the florid embellishments and superficial expression of the Italian aria, and demanded the broadest and most intense form of dramatic declamation and the highest power of emotional expression. After a remarkably successful performance in "Lohengrin," she became one of the principal singers in the Wagner operas, and in 1876 was selected by the great composer to sustain the rôle of *Briinnhilde* at the performance of the *Nibelungen Trilogy*, at Bayreuth. In this important character she made a success which gained for her a world-wide reputation and created a part in which she stands without a rival. The following year she appeared in the Albert Hall Wagner concerts in London, and aroused as great a sensation among the English as she had among her own countrymen. At the Parsifal Festival she was again chosen to take the principal female part, in which she made another brilliant success. This is her second visit to this country, and as the principal soloist of the festival of 1882 she will be well

remembered in Chicago. She has a dignified and commanding stage presence, a soprano voice of great volume and compass and power of endurance, rare musical and dramatic intelligence, and joins to unusual ability as an actress the highest and grandest form of vocal expression.

ME. CHRISTINE NILSSON, who is no stranger to Chicago audiences in opera, oratorio and concert, was born August 20, 1843, near Wexiö, in Sweden, and commenced the study of music at a very early age with the Baroness Lenhusen. She afterward studied with Berwald, of Stockholm, and Wartel, in Paris, and made her debut in "Traviata" at the Theatre Lyrique, October 27, 1864, with great success. In 1867 she made her first appearance at Her Majesty's, London, also as *Violetta*, and shortly after sang at the Crystal Palace and the Birmingham Festival. She left the Theatre Lyrique in the latter part of 1867, and was engaged by the Académie de Musique, where she created the part of *Ophelia* in Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet" with immense success. In 1868 she appeared at Drury Lane, London, adding new rôles to her repertoire, and also at the Händel Festival. In the autumn of that year she sang at Baden-Baden, appearing, for the first time, in the title rôle of *Mignon*, and in the winter returned to the Académie. In the following year she made an extended tour of England, singing in oratorio and opera. In the summer of 1870 she sang the rôles of *Alice*, the *Countess* in "Figaro," *Desdemona* and *Mignon* at Drury Lane, and in the autumn of that year came to America, under Mr. Strakosch's management, and made a brilliant concert tour. Since that time she has alternated between England and this country, except in 1880, when she was in Spain, and in 1876, when she made a tour in Scandinavia with wonderful success. With her career in this country the public is familiar. It has been almost exceptional in the matter of popularity and success. Her last season in Chicago was with the Abbey troupe last winter. Few artists have had a more brilliant career in Chicago, or have achieved for themselves a more general popularity. Her first appearance was in concert, assisted by Miss Cary, Signor Brignoli, and the famous violinist, M. Vieuxtemps, about the year 1869, when her success amounted to an ovation. Since that time she has appeared here in several opera seasons, making remarkable successes in "Lohengrin," "Mignon" and the "Huguenots," among the many operas in which she has taken part. She has also sung here in oratorio and concerts, the last series of concerts being as brilliant as any which have ever been given in this city. Her appearance at the Festival will be greeted with a cordial welcome. She has a voice of great smoothness, sweetness and brilliancy, and unusually capable of expressing pathos, and with her vocal ability she combines a large measure of dramatic power.

MISS EMMA JUCH, who has already sung in two operatic seasons in Chicago, is an American singer. She made her professional debut in London in the spring of 1881, appearing in the rôle of *Filina* in "Mignon," a part which it is needless to say makes some very exacting vocal demands, and calls for a voice possessing large range and much flexibility. She passed the ordeal with success, and shortly afterward came to this country, appearing for the first time in Chicago in Mapleson's season, January, 1882. She has a high soprano voice of fine quality, unusual flexibility, and of that carrying power which adapts it for singing in a large hall like the present one.

MISS WINANT has been before the public comparatively but a short time. In a few years she has risen to a first place among American contraltos. Her debut was made at a Remenyi concert in New York city, November 29, 1878, and in the following month she sang in Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, and other eastern cities, in concert numbers. In May, 1879, she made her first appearance in oratorio in Boston, with great success, and this may be considered the foundation of her subsequent brilliant career, as she soon after appeared as soloist in large works performed by the Handel and Hadyn, the Harvard Symphony and Boston Symphony concerts in that city, and the Philharmonic concerts of New York and Brooklyn. Within the last four years she has sung in the Thursby and Gerster concerts, in the Boston Festival of 1882, in the Worcester (Mass.) Festival, September, 1881, and in the Chicago Festival of 1882. Her clear and resonant voice and her broad and dignified style of singing will commend her to the patrons of the Festival, and secure for her a hearty welcome.

HERR EMIL SCARIA, who comes a stranger to Chicago, but no stranger by reputation, was born at Graz, in Austria, September 18, 1840, and at first studied the law as his profession, but subsequently abandoned it for music, and was a graduate from the same school in which Frau Materna subsequently studied, little aware that their names would be made known to the world through the same great achievement. He made his debut at Pesth, April 14, 1860, in "The Huguenots," with success. In 1862 he went to London, and continued his studies with Garcia. He then successively appeared at Dessau, Leipsic and Dresden, and in 1872 made his appearance at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, with which he has since been connected. Though an accomplished singer in the Italian opera, his grandest successes have been made in the Wagner rôles, his greatest parts being the *Flying Dutchman*, *Hans*

Sachs in "The Meistersinger," *Wotan* in the "Niebelungen," and *Gurnemanz* in "Parsifal," the latter of which he created with wonderful success at the second Bayreuth Festival. His voice is spoken of as "noble, rich, manly and sonorous," and he is claimed by many critics as the greatest living basso.

HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN, the tenor, who also makes his first appearance here, comes to this country as the third in the great trio of singers to whom Wagner intrusted his colossal works. His repertoire is immense, and is best stated in his answer to Mr. Thomas' dispatch: "I sing all classical arias, and everything by Wagner." He was born at Brunswick, in 1849, studied in Hanover and Paris, and made his first appearance at Sondershausen. He was engaged for five years at the Hamburg Stadt Theater, whence his fame as a Wagner singer spread all over Germany. Offers were made to him on all sides, and he accepted that of the Imperial Opera, Vienna. Almost immediately upon his arrival, Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" was put in preparation, and was soon produced for the first time in that city, Frau Materna, Herr Scaria and himself taking the principal rôles, with the accompaniment of Hans Richter's fine orchestra. His most brilliant success was achieved at the second Bayreuth Festival, where he created the rôle of *Parsifal*. Like Frau Materna and Herr Scaria, he is a great actor. It is to be regretted that in music which is so closely allied with the dramatic as is Wagner's, we cannot hear the great trio of artists in the full sweep of their power, but to have the opportunity of hearing them sing is of itself an unusual privilege.

MR. TOEDT, who shares the tenor rôles in this Festival, was born in New York in 1855, and in his seventh year became a Trinity Choir boy, and remained in the service of the parish ten years. His studies were pursued in his native city, principally with his sister, Mathilde E. Toedt, the violinist, who was compelled by ill health to give up her instrument. Mr. Toedt has only been in the profession as a tenor since the season of 1879-80, when he made a concert tour with Carlotta Patti, and appeared in Chicago for the first time. His work during the past four years has been confined mainly to the East, where he has frequently sung, not only in concert, but in oratorios. On Christmas of 1881 he sang in "The Messiah," at Cincinnati, with Mme. Adelina Patti, Miss Cary and Mr. Whitney. He appeared, as will be remembered, at the Chicago Festival of 1882, and has since that time sung here in oratorio. He has also made a fine success as a song singer in Boston. His voice possesses remarkable purity and beauty of quality, and his singing is characterized by gracefulness and elegance of style.

MR. REMMERTZ has become a familiar favorite with festival audiences, as he has borne a large and honorable part in nearly every great festival which has taken place in the United States. He is a native of Düsseldorf, Germany, and when a young man studied architecture, under Professor Wiegmann, in both the Royal School and the Academy of Painting. With a predilection for music and singing, he went to Munich, where he studied for a couple of years. Thence he went to Hanover, and studied with Professor Lindhuld, and while under his tuition often sang before King George, on personal invitations extended by the monarch. Mr. Remmertz completed his education in Paris, with Delsarte. He then sang for a time in the Royal Opera at Stuttgart, under the direction of Kücken. Not having a special liking for the stage, he abandoned it, and sang for some years in concerts only, becoming an established favorite in Holland, and the cities of the Rhine. During his career abroad he visited London on two different occasions, with the Choral Union of Cologne. He came to this country in 1869, has long been a resident of New York, and has sung in concerts in all the large cities of the Union. His broad, majestic and sonorous voice is admirably adapted for festival work.

MR. MAX HEINRICH is a young baritone of unusual promise. He has been before the public but a short time, and this is his first western visit. He has hitherto appeared principally in New York and Philadelphia, and has on every occasion scored successes, especially in large works, which indicate that he has a remarkable career before him. The parts in which he will appear in this Festival are calculated to still further try his powers, and his important position in a Festival of such grand dimensions will give him a recognized place among our national singers. The fact that he was secured for this Festival is of itself a sufficient guarantee of his artistic qualities.

FIRST EVENING CONCERT.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 27.

I. SYMPHONY IN G MINOR Mozart.

1. *Allegro Molto.*

2. *Andante.*

3. *Minuet : Allegro.*

4. *Finale : Allegro Assai.*

ORCHESTRA.

INTERMISSION.

II. ORATORIO, "The Creation" Haydn.

(First and Second Parts.)

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON.

MR. THEODORE TOEDT.

MR. FRANZ REMMERTZ.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

SECOND EVENING CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 28.

I. SYMPHONY, No. 3, "Eroica," op. 55 Beethoven.

1. *Allegro con Brio.*
2. *Marcia Funebre.*

3. *Scherzo : Allegro Vivace.*
4. *Finale : Allegro Molto.*

ORCHESTRA.

INTERMISSION.

II. TANNHÄUSER Wagner.

ACT I.

- (a) OVERTURE.
- (b) SCENE I. BACCHANALE. CHORUS OF SIRENS.
- (c) SCENE III. TANNHÄUSER, A YOUNG SHEPHERD AND THE PILGRIMS.
- (d) SCENE IV. TANNHÄUSER, THE LANDGRAVE AND THE MINSTREL KNIGHTS.

ACT II.

- (a) INTRODUCTION.
- (b) SCENE I. ELISABETH.
- (c) SCENE II. ELISABETH, TANNHÄUSER, AND WOLFRAM.
- (d) SCENE III. ELISABETH AND THE LANDGRAVE.
- (e) SCENE IV. MARCH AND CHORUS.

ACT III.

- (a) INTRODUCTION. TANNHÄUSER'S PILGRIMAGE.
- (b) SCENE I. ELISABETH, WOLFRAM, AND THE ELDER PILGRIMS.
- (c) SCENE II. WOLFRAM ALONE.
- (d) SCENE III. TANNHÄUSER, WOLFRAM. LATER, LANDGRAVE, MINSTRELS, ELDER AND YOUNGER PILGRIMS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HERMANN, LANDGRAVE OF THURINGIA,	HERR EMIL SCARIA.
TANNHÄUSER	HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.
WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH . . .	HERR FRANZ REMMERTZ.
WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE . .	HERR THEODORE TOEDT.
BITTEROLF	HERR MAX HEINRICH.
HEINRICH DER SCHREIBER	MR. CHARLES T. BARNES.
REINMAR VON ZWETER	MR. GEORGE H. BRODERICK.
ELISABETH	FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.
A YOUNG SHEPHERD	MISS EMMA JUCH.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

FIRST MATINEE.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 29.

WAGNER PROGRAMME.

I. CENTENNIAL MARCH.

ORCHESTRA.

II. LOHENGRIN.

ACT I.

(a) VORSPIEL, ORCHESTRA.

ACT II.

(b) DUO, "YE BREEZES," SCENE II.

(c) BRIDAL PROCESSION, CHORUS.

ACT III.

(d) INTRODUCTION, ORCHESTRA.

(e) "GUIDED BY US," CHORUS, SCENE I.

(f) GRAND DUO, "THE SONG HAS DIED AWAY," SCENE II.

(g) MARCH, ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS, SCENE III.

LOHENGRIN	HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.
ELSA	MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON.
ORTRUD	FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.

INTERMISSION.

III. PARSIFAL.

(a) VORSPIEL, ORCHESTRA.

(b) GOOD FRIDAY'S SPELL

(c) FUNERAL PROCESSION.

PARSIFAL	HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.
GURNEMANZ	HERR EMIL SCARIA.

IV. GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.

SIEGFRIED'S DEATH, ORCHESTRA.

V. DIE MEISTERSINGER.

ACT I.

POGNER'S ADDRESS.

VORSPIEL, ORCHESTRA.

POGNER	HERR EMIL SCARIA.
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THIRD EVENING CONCERT.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 29.

I. MESSE DES MORTS (op. 5) Berlioz.

SOLOIST. HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

(The Orchestra for this work will be increased to 190 musicians.)

INTERMISSION.

II. WALKÜRE (Act III) Wagner.

- (a) INTRODUCTION, "THE RIDE OF THE WALKYRIES."
- (b) SCENE III, DUO, "FULL OF SO SHEER A SHAME WAS MY FAULT."
- (c) WOTAN'S FAREWELL.
- (d) MAGIC FIRE SCENE.

BRÜNNHILDE FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.
 WOTAN HERR EMIL SCARIA.

FOURTH EVENING CONCERT.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 30.

I. TE DEUM ("Dettingen") Händel.

MISS EMILY WINANT.

MR. THEODORE J. TOEDT.

MR. FRANZ REMMERTZ.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

II. SYMPHONY IN C, No. 9 Schubert.

1. *Andante: Allegro ma non Troppo.*

3. *Scherzo: Allegro Vivace.*

2. *Andante con Moto.*

4. *Finale: Allegro Vivace.*

ORCHESTRA.

INTERMISSION.

III. SIEGFRIED (Finale Act III) Wagner.

BRÜNNHILDE FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.

SIEGFRIED HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.

SECOND MATINEE.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 31.

PART I.

I. OVERTURE "Jubilee" Weber.

ORCHESTRA.

II. CHILDREN'S CHORUSES.

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------------|------------|
| (a) | CHRISTMAS SONG | GATTY. |
| (b) | ON THE MOUNTAIN | REINECKE. |
| (c) | MARCH | REINECKE. |
| (d) | EVENING SONG | RANDEGGER. |

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

III. ARIA "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" ("Magic Flute") . . Mozart.

HERR EMIL SCARIA.

IV. SCOTCH RHAPSODY, "Burns" A. C. Mackenzie.

ORCHESTRA.

V. "AVE MARIA" Bach-Gounod.

MISS EMMA JUCH.

VI. CHILDREN'S CHORUSES.

- | | | |
|-----|------------------------------|------------|
| (a) | FAIRIES' SONG | BISHOP. |
| (b) | "LIKE AS A FATHER" | CHERUBINI. |

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

PART II.

VII. VARIATIONS (theme by Haydn, chorale St. Antoine) . Brahms.

ORCHESTRA.

VIII. ARIA from "Iphigenia in Tauris" Gluck.

HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.

IX. MINUET and FINALE, from String Quartet, No. 9, in C Beethoven.

STRING ORCHESTRA.

X. ARIA "Bethörte die an meine Liebe glaubt" ("Euryanthe") Weber.

FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.

XI. SYMPHONIC POEM "Tasso" Liszt.

ORCHESTRA.

FIFTH EVENING CONCERT.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 31.

ORATORIO "The Redemption" (a Sacred Trilogy) . . . Gounod.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

MR. THEODORE TOEDT.

MISS EMMA JUCH.

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

MISS EMILY WINANT.

MR. FRANZ REMMERTZ.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

FIRST EVENING CONCERT.

SYMPHONY IN G MINOR MOZART.

1. *Allegro Molto.*
2. *Andante.*

3. *Minuet and Trio.*
4. *Finale, Allegro Assai.*

MUSIC, as "the art of combining sound in a manner to please the ear," found its high priest in Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In its development during the last hundred years it has conquered new fields. It has reached out for the scepter among the arts over which the Muses preside, and, as some claim, is to be *the* art of the future. It has expanded its power to the expression of human passion, feeling, and even thought. It has become epic, dramatic, romantic, descriptive; and yet, to speak with Mozart, music eventually remains music. Future generations may lose sight of that stage of its development when its aim was to please the ear, but at present we believe the majority of music lovers have not yet lost the faculty of enjoying pure music, which makes no claim to stir their passion, but in its play of tones pleases the ear.

The symphony in question is one of the finest specimens of the genius of Mozart, that favorite son of the Muses. It was written in Vienna in 1788, as the second of a set of three; the first, in E flat, bearing date of June 26, the second, in G minor, July 25, and the third, in C major, August 10. Thus the time for the composition of the G minor symphony is reduced to ten days.

Of the sixteen symphonies which Mozart wrote between 1773 and 1788, this is the only one in a minor key. "Minor key" has with us become the synonym of somberness, sadness, and melancholy; but Mozart's sadness is not of the tragic kind. Once in the realm of instrumental music, his Hellenic nature never could succumb to the deep distresses of the soul. The restlessness of the first and second movements, the energy of the themes of the Minuet and Finale, the sudden transition from piano to fortissimo, instead of giving us the impression of real anger or despair, as some writers would have us believe, seem more like the expression of a ruffled temper on the part of the composer.

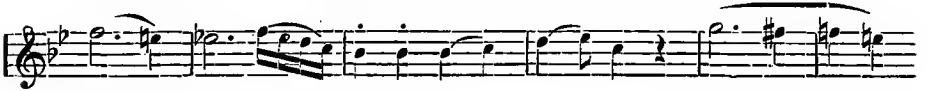
To give an analysis of the symphony would necessitate almost a reprint of the score, for the consummate art displayed in using the otherwise simple material is crowded into every measure, and we must content ourselves by giving the principal themes of the different movements. Without the then customary opening Adagio, or any attempt to call the hearers to order, the first movement commences at once with the principal theme, piano :



followed by a new theme, which is afterward more elaborately used:



This energetic phrase is succeeded by the following exquisite melody:



Answered in the basses by:



Is this Leporello's



and does it give us a clew to the state of the composer's feeling?

In the second part, the principal theme is broken up into bits of



shaken in true kaleidoscopic fashion, and also like such an instrument filled with pieces of highly colored glass, transparent at every turn, thereby only increasing its beauty.

The Andante in E flat, $\frac{3}{8}$ time, is not based on a long cantilene like most of his Adagios, but betrays rather a restless spirit by the short groups which are thrown from instrument to instrument:



The germ of the melody appears at the opening in the bass:



besides which, we can quote only the following beautiful passage:



The oratorio was completed in 1798, and in Lent of that year, April 29, it was performed for the first time privately in the rooms of the Schwartzberg palace, at the expense of the Dilettanti society, which had requested it from the composer. Its first public performance was on Haydn's name-day, March 19, 1799, at the National Theater. The next performance was given by the Tonkünstler Societät, under Haydn's own direction, and on March 9, 1800, he conducted it at Ofen, before the Archduke Palatine Joseph of Hungary.

"The Creation" commences with an overture representing chaos. Its effect is at first dull and indefinite; its utterances inarticulate, and its notes destitute of perceptible melody. It is the rude masses of nature in a state of chaos. Gradually instrument after instrument makes an effort to extricate itself, and as the clarinets and flutes struggle out of the confusion the feeling of order begins to make itself apparent. The resolutions indicate harmony. At last the discordances settle, leaving a misty effect that vividly illustrates "the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters." Then, at the fiat of the Creator, "Let there be light," the whole orchestra and chorus burst forth in the sonorous response, "And there was light." A brief passage by *Uriel* (tenor) describes the division of light from darkness and the end of chaos, introducing a fugued chorus in which the rage of Satan and his hellish spirits, as they are precipitated into the abyss, is described with tremendous discords and strange modulations; but before it closes the music relates the beauties of the newly created earth springing "up at God's command." *Raphael* describes the making of the firmament, the raging of the storms, the flashing lightning and rolling thunder, the showers of rain and hail and the falling snow to an accompaniment which is closely imitative in character. The work of the second day forms the theme of "The Marvelous Work," for soprano obligato with chorus, a number of great joyousness and spirit. This leads to No. 7, "Rolling in Foaming Billows," in which the music is employed to represent the effect of water, from the roaring billows of the "boisterous seas" and the rivers flowing "in serpent error" to "the limpid brook," whose murmuring ripple is set to one of the sweetest and most delicious melodies Haydn ever wrote. This leads the way to No. 9, the well known aria, "With Verdure Clad," of which Haydn himself was very fond, and which he recast three times. The aria is so well known that it does not need special description. It is followed by a fugued chorus, "Awake the Harp," in which the angels praise the Creator. We next pass to the creation of the planets. The instrumental prelude is a wonderful bit of constantly developing color, which increases "in splendor bright" until the sun appears. It is followed by the rising of the moon to an accompaniment as tender as its own radiance, and as the stars appear "the Sons of God announce the fourth day," and the first part closes with the great chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," in which the full force of band and singers is employed in full, broad harmony and sonorous chords to a cadence of magnificent power.

The second part opens with the aria, "On Mighty Pens," describing in a majestic manner the flight of the eagle, and then blithely passing to the gaiety of the lark, the tenderness of the cooing doves and the plaintiveness of the

nightingale, in which the singing of the birds is imitated as closely to nature as musical resources will allow. A beautiful terzetto describes with inimitable grace the gently sloping hills covered with their verdure, the leaping of the fountains into the light, and the flight of birds, and a bass solo in sonorous manner takes up the swimming fish, closing with "the Upheaval of Leviathan from the Deep" to significant flourishes on the double basses. This leads to a powerful chorus with trio, "The Lord is Great." No 22 describes the creation of various animals, and perhaps nothing that art contains can vie with it in various and vivid descriptions. It commences with the lion, whose roar is heard among the wind instruments. The alertness of the tiger is shown in rapid flights by the strings. A presto ingeniously represents the quick movements of the stag. The horse is accompanied by music which prances and neighs. A quiet pastoral movement, in strong contrast with the preceding abrupt transitions, pictures the cattle seeking their food "on fields and meadows green." A flutter of sounds describes the swarms of insects in the air, and from this we pass to a long, slowly moving line of harmony, representing "the sinuous trace" of the worm. This masterpiece of description is contained in a single recitative. A powerful and dignified air (No. 23), sung by *Raphael*, introduces the creation of man, which is completed in No. 24, sung by *Uriel*. The second part of this air, which is full of tender beauty, describes the creation of Eve, and it closes with the happiness of the newly created pair. A brief recitative, "And God Saw Everything That He had Made," leads us to the chorus, "Achieved Is the Glorious Work," a fugue of great power, superbly accompanied. It is interrupted by a trio, "On Thee Each Living Soul Awaits," but soon returns again with still greater power and grandeur, closing with a Gloria and Hallelujah of magnificent proportions.

In this performance of "The Creation," the third part, which is mainly a duet, descriptive of the transports of Adam and his "graceful consort," is omitted. It does not mar the effect, as the climax of the work is reached at the end of the second part.

The last time that Haydn appeared in public was at a performance of "The Creation," in Vienna, March 27, 1808, at which Salieri conducted. At the words, "And there was Light," he was very much overcome, and pointing upward, exclaimed, "It came from Thence." As the performance continued, his agitation became so great that he was obliged to leave, and as he went out the audience thronged about him to take leave of him, and Beethoven kissed his hand and forehead devoutly. He died about a year afterward, May 26, 1809.

GABRIEL	MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON.
URIEL	MR. TOEDT.
RAPHAEL	MR. REMMERTZ.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION—REPRESENTATION OF CHAOS.

RECIT.—[RAPHAEL.]

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

CHORUS.

And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters; and God said: Let there be light, and there was light.

RECIT.—[URIEL.]

And God saw the light that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness.

AIR.

Now vanish before the holy beams,
The gloomy shades of ancient night;
The first of days appears.
Now chaos ends and order fair prevails;
Affrighted fled hell's spirits back in throngs;
Down they sink in the deep abyss
To endless night.

CHORUS.

Despairing, cursing rage attends their rapid fall.
A new-created world springs up at God's command.

RECIT.—[RAPHAEL.]

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament, and it was so.

Now furious storms tempestuous rage;
As chaff, by the winds are impelled the clouds;
By heaven's fire, the sky is inflamed,
And awful thunders are rolling on high;
Down flow the floods, in steam
Ascend reviving showers of rain,
The dreary, wasteful hail,
The light and flaky snow.

AIR.—[GABRIEL.]

The marvelous work behold amazed
The glorious hierarchy of heaven;
And to the ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God and of the second day.

CHORUS.

And to the ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God and of the second day.

RECIT.—[RAPHAEL.]

And God said: Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so. And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering of waters called he seas, and God saw that it was good.

AIR.

Rolling in foaming billows
Uplifted roars the boisterous sea.
Mountains and earth now emerge;
Their tops into the clouds ascend.
Through the open plains outstretching wide,
In serpent error rivers flow.
Softly purling glides on
Through silent vales the limpid brook.

RECIT.—[GABRIEL.]

And God said: Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so.

AIR.

With verdure clad the fields appear
Delightful to the ravished sense;
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight.
Here fragrant herbs their odor shed,
Here shoots the healing plant.
With copious fruit the expanded boughs are hung,
In leafy arches twine the shady groves;
O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

RECIT.—[URIEL.]

And the heavenly host proclaimed the third day, praising God, and saying:

CHORUS.

Awake the harp, the lyre awake,
And let your joyful song resound,
Rejoice in the Lord, the mighty God;
For He both the heaven and the earth
Hath cloth'd in stately dress.

RECIT.—[URIEL.]

And God said, Let there be lights in the
firmament of heaven, to divide the day from
the night, and to give light upon the earth;
and let them be for signs and for seasons, and
for days and for years. He made the stars
also.

RECIT.—[ACCOMPANIED.]

In splendor bright is rising now the sun,
And darts his rays; a joyful, happy spouse,
A giant proud and glad
To run his measured course.
With softer beams and milder light,
Steps on the silver moon through silent night;
The space immense of azure sky,
In numerous hosts of radiant orbs adorns.,
The sons of God announce the fourth day,
In song divine, proclaiming thus His power—

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His work displays the firma-
ment.

TRIO.

The day that is coming speaks it the day,
The night that is gone to following night.

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His work displays the firma-
ment.

TRIO.

In all the lands resounds the word
Never unperceived, ever understood.
The heavens are telling the glory of God;
The wonder of His work displays the firma-
ment.

PART II.

RECIT.—[GABRIEL.]

And God said, Let the waters bring forth
abundantly the moving creature that hath life,
and fowl that may fly above the earth in the
open firmament of heaven.

AIR.

On mighty pens uplifted soars
The eagle aloft; and cleaves the air
In swiftest flight to the blazing sun.
His welcome bids to morn the merry lark,
And cooing calls the tender dove his mate.
From every bush and grove resound
The nightingale's delightful notes;
No grief affected yet her breast,
Nor to a mournful tale were tun'd
Her soft enchanting lays.

RECIT.—[RAPHAEL.]

And God created great whales, and every
living creature that moveth; and God blessed
them, saying, Be fruitful all, and multiply.

Ye winged tribes, be multiplied,
And sing in every tree; multiply,
Ye finny tribes, and fill each watery deep;
Be fruitful; grow and multiply,
And in your God and Lord rejoice.

And the angels struck their immortal harps
and the wonders of the fifth day sung.

TRIO.

GABRIEL.

Most beautiful appear, with verdure young
adorn'd
The gently sloping hills; their narrow, sinuous
veins
Distil, in crystal drops, the fountain fresh and
bright.

URIEL.

In lofty circles play, and hover in the air,
The cheerful host of birds; and in the flying
whirl,
The glittering plumes are dyed as rainbows
by the sun.

RAPHAEL.

See flashing through the wet in thronged
swarms
The fish on thousand ways around,
Upheaved from the deep, the immense levia-
than
Sports on the foaming wave.

GABRIEL, URIEL, RAPHAEL.

How many are Thy works, O God!
Who may their numbers tell!

TRIO AND CHORUS.

The Lord is great, and great His might,
His glory lasts for ever and for evermore.

RECIT.—[RAPHAEL.]

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind; cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind.

Straight opening her fertile womb,
The earth obey'd the word,
And teem'd creatures numberless,
In perfect forms, and fully grown.
Cheerful roaring stands the tawny lion. With sudden leap

The flexible tiger appears. The nimble stag
Bears up his branching head. With flying mane

And fiery look, impatient neighs the noble steed.

The cattle, in herds, already seek their food
On fields and meadows green.
And o'er the ground as plants are spread
The fleecy, meek, and bleating flocks.
Unnumbered as the sands in swarms arose
The hosts of insects. In long dimension
Creeps with sinuous trace the worm.

AIR.

Now heaven in fullest glory shone;
Earth smiled in all her rich attire;
Th' room of air by fowl is fill'd;
The water swell'd by shoals of fish;
By heavy beasts the ground is trod;
But all the work was not complete;
There wanted yet that wondrous being,
That, grateful, should God's power admire,
With heart and voice His goodness praise.

RECIT.—[URIEL.]

And God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him. Male and female created He them.

He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

AIR.

In native worth and honor clad,
With beauty, courage, strength, adorn'd,
Erect, with front serene, he stands
A man, the lord and king of nature all.

His large and arched brow sublime,
Of wisdom deep declares the seat!
And in his eyes with brightness shines
The soul, the breath and image of his God.
With fondness leans upon his breast
The partner for him form'd,
A woman, fair and graceful spouse.
Her softly smiling, virgin looks,
Of flow'ry spring the mirror,
Bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss.

RECIT.—[RAPHAEL.]

And God saw everything that he had made, and beheld, it was very good; and the heavenly choir, in song divine, thus closed the sixth day:

CHORUS.

Achieved is the glorious work;
The Lord beholds it and is pleas'd.
In lofty strains let us rejoice,
Our song let be the praise of God.

TRIO.

GABRIEL AND URIEL.

On Thee each living soul awaits
From Thee, O Lord, all seek their food.
Thou openest Thy hand,
And all are filled with good.

RAPHAEL.

But when Thy face, O Lord, is hid,
With sudden terror they are struck.
Thou tak'st their breath away,
They vanish into dust.

GABRIEL, URIEL, AND RAPHAEL.

Thou sendest forth Thy breath again,
And life with vigor fresh returns;
Revived earth unfolds new strength
And new delights.

CHORUS.

Achieved is the glorious work;
Our song let be the praise of God.
Glory to His Name for ever.
He, sole, on high, exalted reigns.
Hallelujah.

SECOND EVENING CONCERT.

SYMPHONY No. 3, "*Eroica*," *op. 55* BEETHOVEN.

1. *Allegro con Brio.*
2. *Marcia Funebre.*

3. *Scherzo: Allegro Vivace.*
 4. *Finale: Allegro Molto.*
-

WITH this, his third symphony, Beethoven left the field of pure music, the playing and toying with tones, merely influenced by the mood of the composer, and boldly raised the sphere of orchestral music to the interpretation in more concrete form of the various emotions of the human soul. The first and second are lyrics, the third rises to the dignity of an Epos.

The "*Eroica*," like "*Hamlet*" and "*Faust*," has a literature of its own, and the interpretations of its commentators are as various and contradictory as are those of the critics of Shakespeare and of Goethe.

In introducing the subject we will mention, first, that the abbreviated title, "*Eroica*," is likely to mislead the expectant hearer if he supposes the music to be of a martial character, and we therefore add the complete title of the work, as it first appeared in print. It was: "*Sinfonia Eroica, composta per festeggiare il sovvenire di un grand' Uomo, dedicata*," etc.; that is, "Composed to celebrate the memory of a great man," viz., the *heros*, in its widest sense. Yet the first manuscript copy bore the following legend:

Sinfonia grande,
 NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE,
1804 in August:
del Sigr;
 LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN.

Sinfonia 3.

Op. 55.

and the fly leaf of the copy, which the composer retained, bore the following words, "Luigi van Beethoven" at the top, and "Buonaparte" at the bottom. We know that Beethoven watched with deep interest the great revolution which illuminated the western sky, hoping, wishing that freedom such as he imagined and desired would rise above the Sansculotte's *liberté* and enlighten the world. One man had attracted his attention and kindled his enthusiasm, Napoleon Bonaparte, who emerged like a sun above the sea of confusion and mediocrity, rising rapidly but steadily until, as Beethoven thought, he would bless the world as the foremost hero of the republic and its consul. For Beethoven, the 18th Brumaire had no forebodings of an 18th Mai, and when he first heard of the "*Vive l'Empereur*" he took the score of his "*Eroica*," tore its

title page in two, and threw the volume on the floor. His idol was shattered, his hero had fallen. The copy which had been prepared for the French legation at Vienna was withdrawn, and the work finally published in memory of "un grand' Uomo."

Such, in brief, are the facts relating to its origin. As biographical data, they will be received with the interest usually attached to such information, but in their bearing on the composition they become of far greater interest and importance. Had Beethoven written the first two movements only and called the work, "Napoleon, a Symphonic Poem," a running text would easily have been supplied, and although there might be different versions, the fundamental idea would have been the same in all. There would still remain enough to puzzle the learned. That Sphinx hewn out of two blocks,



would continue to startle both the attentive listener and the musical student poring over the score, but we all should feel satisfied we had a more or less clear apprehension of the composer's intentions. But Beethoven was still in the bondage of the symphonic form as it then existed, or, at any rate, chose to adhere to the four classical movements, Allegro, Adagio, Scherzo, Finale, thereby sorely puzzling the enthusiastic critics who were to dissect his work and explain to the admiring listener the intent and meaning of every phrase. For that Beethoven had a very decided meaning and purpose in writing this work we may well believe. The "Eroica" was not thrown off in ten days nor ten months. Beethoven had gathered the material and crystallized the different musical thoughts which go to make up this mighty drama for years, and when he called the symphony "Napoleon Bonaparte," we are bound to believe that he in his way had sung the pæan of the hero, as he then supposed him to be.

Admitted that we all recognize in the first movement the strife, the battle, whether of warring races or of one man fighting against fate and fortune, and in the "Marcia Funebre," the grandest dirge ever sung, whom do we follow to the grave amid those solemn sounds? The hero of the play, Napoleon? Then what of the third and fourth movements? The biography ends with the grave, and the character of the Scherzo and Finale will not admit the explanation of a résumé or commentary on the life just closed.

Marx, with implicit faith in Beethoven's original title page, sees in the first movement an ideal picture of a battle, war being the necessary atmosphere, the decisive force in the life of the victorious hero of a hundred battles, and he carries out his description at considerable length. The second movement he holds not to be a dirge in the manner of the well known funeral march in the pianoforte Sonate, op. 26, but considers the superscription as only a general indication of the character of the music. The first act has shown us the battle as the culmination of heroic life, but the battle has ceased, night has

fallen, and under cover of darkness we walk over the battle field, lost in melancholy brooding over the solemn scene of death and desolation. But the hero, with his victory, the victory with its tribute to death, are not the final aim, but *peace*. In the Scherzo, Marx sees the busy life of the camp the day after the battle. The victory was complete, peace has been declared, and the troops are preparing to march to their homes, and this idea carried forward into the Finale brings us to the joys and festivities of peace.

Wagner takes the "heroic" in its widest sense, and discards the idea of a military hero. Man, in his grandest possibilities, is the text of his interpretation of the music of the first parts. *Power* and *vital force* are to him the leading ideas, interwoven with the expressions of the various emotions of a richly endowed nature. This overpowering force, which fills us with awe and delight, presses forward to a tragic catastrophe, the solemn nature of which is expressed in the Adagio. Force, tamed, broken of its impetuous wantonness in the refining furnace of sorrow, emerges in the serenity of the Scherzo, while the Finale gives us the "grand' Uomo" harmoniously developed, freed from passion, conquered by the power of love.

Berlioz, on the other hand, is most impressed with the solemn character of the whole symphony, and interprets it as the commemoration of a fallen hero. The first movement tells him also of toil and strife, but in the Adagio he beholds the funeral cortege of the dead hero, and calls the *sforzando* cry of the wind instruments in the last measure but one the last farewell of the warriors to their dead comrade in arms. The Scherzo he compares to the solemn plays which the warriors in the Iliad celebrated at the grave of their leader, and finds in it still an undercurrent of tragic feeling. The Finale he takes to be only a further exposition of the same idea, closing with a hymn of victory.

I have thought to serve the interest of the casual reader best by giving as briefly as possible the leading ideas of some of the most eminent musical writers, not so much for the purpose of showing the differences as to call into more active exercise the individual capacities of each hearer for calling up the ideas and emotions which the music may suggest.

Many clever and even ingenious "explanations" of the last movement could be mentioned, but this forcing a meaning into every measure of music is of little use in listening to and appreciating it. After frequent hearing of this masterwork and frequent reading of the score, I have never been able to divest myself of a feeling that Beethoven, in the last two movements, had felt the fetters of the strict symphonic form. The expression of concrete thought, the mighty diction of the Homeric Epos, seems to cease with the Adagio. The Scherzo and Finale remind me more of music written for music's sake, and, if meant to portray any part of the career of a hero, is (for Beethoven) surprisingly serene and joyful. This may sound heretical, but it is to me a rather significant fact that those artist writers who are best qualified to understand music dismiss the Finale with the lightest possible touches, as far as interpretation of detail is concerned. Moreover, we have it on Schindler's authority that Beethoven, when he heard of Napoleon's death, sarcastically remarked: "For this event I wrote him the music seventeen years ago." It is

well enough to say that Beethoven, in this instance, gave a different meaning to his work from what he originally intended, if that serve our purpose; still the remark remains.

A few remarks as to the musical contents must suffice. The first movement, in E flat, has a number of themes, in the highest degree characteristic, and showing Beethoven's power in expressing his thoughts tersely and with precision. The main theme is given out at the very beginning by the violoncellos in a quiet manner, but after twenty-four measures we at once encounter the syncopations which play so decided a part in this grand picture of strife, and at times change the rhythm practically to 2-4 time, although the movement is written in triple time. A most tender episode given out by the winds and repeated by the strings interrupts the turmoil, giving us a short repose of sixteen measures, when, with a rapid crescendo, we return to the clashing syncopations. A similar treatment (not to detail a number of subsidiary themes) is adopted in the second part, the whole being one of the most remarkable pieces of orchestral writing in our musical literature.

The *Adagio Assai* appeals more directly to the listener with its sad melody in C minor and its heartfelt tones of melancholy. The *Scherzo, Allegro Vivace*, is again in the key of E flat, and moves along for some time in a pianissimo staccato which has something mysterious in its character, and not until the middle of the second part does it break forth in a sudden fortissimo, and then not without a reminiscence of the syncopations of the first *Allegro*. A change from 3-4 into *Alla breve* 4-4, during four measures, and back again into 3-4 time is a conspicuous example of Beethoven's masterly application of rhythm as a means of expression. The *Trio*, with its horn passage, quite dispels the gloomy character of all that precedes, and calls up more peaceful visions.

The last movement, *Allegro Molto*, commences, technically speaking, with a dominant seventh chord, in the form of a cadenza, after which the theme enters pizzicato. This melody is, in its intervals, really a fundamental bass, and is worked up in the form of variations, ever and anon interrupted by a hold or pause on the dominant chord, until a new theme appears, happier and brighter than any, and which holds sway over the last part of the movement. It gives room to a severe treatment of the first theme in strict counterpoint, only to reappear in a *Poco Andante* of some length which suddenly and without warning breaks into the final *Presto Fortissimo* that brings the work to a close.

A. W. D.

SELECTIONS FROM "TANNHÄUSER" WAGNER.

THE selections from "Tannhäuser" made for the Festival include the overture, and first, third and fourth scenes of the first act; the introduction, and first, second, third and fourth scenes of the second act, and the introduction, and first, second and third scenes of the third act. They include all the striking incidents and situations of the drama, as well as the most interesting musical numbers.

The opera of "Tannhäuser" was written in the years 1844-5, and was first produced in October of the latter year. It had been preceded by "Rienzi" and the "Flying Dutchman," and, like them, failed at first to meet with the reception the composer had hoped, if not anticipated. Its story is based upon the Tannhäuser legend, which still exists in Thuringia, the site of the famous Wartburg castle, where the Landgraves of the thirteenth century instituted peaceful contests between the Minnesingers and knightly poets. Near this castle towers the Venusberg, a scorched and dreary elevation rising out of the lovely landscape, which, according to the popular tradition, was inhabited by *Venus*, and was the locality of her luxurious, sensual court, though originally it was the Teutonic goddess, Holda, who was the divinity of the region, and who came every spring to enrich the fields. Being cursed by Christianity, she took refuge in the caverns of the mountain, where she was afterward confounded with *Venus*. Her court was filled with sirens and bacchantes, who enticed with their songs those whose impure desires led them to the vicinity of the mountain, and lured them into its caverns, from which they never returned. The knight, *Tannhäuser*, found his way into the mountain, and remained with the goddess seven years, at the end of which time, satiated with pleasure, and torn with remorse, he aspired to go into the world once more, and, by invoking the Virgin Mary, succeeded in tearing himself from the arms of *Venus*. He makes a pilgrimage to Rome, and confesses to the Pope, who replies that having tasted the pleasures of hell, he is forever damned, and, raising his crosier, adds: "Even as this wood cannot become green again, so there is no pardon for thee." According to the tradition, however, the wood began to blossom at the end of three days, showing that his sin would be forgiven.

Such are the main facts of the legend, and with it Wagner has woven the poetical contests in the Wartburg, and the exquisitely beautiful character of *Elisabeth*, the Princess of the castle, who knows the Eternal mercy, and who has the strength to die for his redemption. By her martyrdom *Tannhäuser's* wild and vehement nature is broken. By her death he is freed from sin, and in his own death he finds relief. The story is based upon the grand motive which appears in others of Wagner's operas, noticeably "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal," namely, the world-old struggle between the flesh and the spirit, and the opposing principles of good and evil, which Goethe developed with such astonishing power in "Faust."

The numbers selected for this Festival are introduced by the overture, which may best be described in Wagner's own words: "At the commencement, the orchestra represents the song of the pilgrims, which, as it approaches, grows louder and louder, and at length recedes. As night comes on, magical phenomena present themselves. We are made aware of the dizzy motion of a horribly wanton dance. These are the seductive spells of the Venusberg. A tall and manly figure approaches. It is *Tannhäuser*, the Minnesinger, who trolls forth his jubilant love-song as if to challenge the wanton crew. Wild shouts respond to his call. A roseate cloud surrounds him. He perceives in the dim, seductive light an unspeakably lovely female figure. It is *Venus*. By an irresistible power he is drawn to her, and raises his song in her praise. The wonder of the Venusberg is revealed to him. Bacchantes drag him into their giddy dance, and deliver him to the goddess, who carries him off to the depths of her invisible kingdom. A voluptuous, plaintive whirling alone stirs the air, and a horrible murmur pervades the spot where the enrapturing profane magic spell had shown itself, and which now again is overshadowed by darkness. Day at length begins to dawn, and the song of the returning pilgrims is heard in the distance. As their song draws nearer, and day succeeds to night, that whirling and murmuring in the air, which but just now sounded to us like the horrible wail of the damned, gives way to more joyful strains, till at last, when the sun has risen in all its splendor, and the pilgrims' song with mighty inspiration proclaims to the world, and to all that is and lives salvation won, its surging sound swells into a rapturous torrent of sublime ecstasy. This divine song represents to us the shout of joy at his release from the curse of the unholiness of the Venusberg. Thus all the pulses of life palpitate and leap for joy in this song of deliverance; and the two divided elements, spirit and mind, God and nature, embrace each other in the holy uniting kiss of love."

The overture leads up to the Bacchanale music of the Venusberg which was written in Paris by Wagner after the opera was finished, and had been performed. It is now known as "The Parisian Bacchanale." In his interview with the director of the Grand Opera, the latter insisted that a ballet must be introduced in the second act. He declined to interrupt the progress of the act, and he says in a letter written from Paris, in 1861: "I saw in the first act, at the luxurious court of *Venus*, a most perfect opportunity for a Choregraphic scene of some real meaning." He adds in another part of the letter: "I had myself gained renewed pleasure in this my earlier work, and I went through the score again with the greatest care, wrote the *Venus* scene entirely new as well as the ballet that preceded it, and specially endeavored to bring the music of the whole into the most exact accord with the translated text.

The third scene shows us *Tannhäuser* in the valley of the Wartburg, after his escape from the Venusberg, listening to the Song of the Shepherd, followed by the familiar Chorus of the Pilgrims on their way to Rome. The next scene introduces the *Landgrave* and his hunting party and singers, who recognize *Tannhäuser*. They implore him to remain with them, and at last succeed by recalling *Elisabeth* to his memory and promising to conduct him to her.

The first scene of the second act introduces *Elisabeth*, who greets the hall in the Wartburg where the peaceful contest had taken place and mourns the absence of *Tannhäuser*. In the second scene he appears, and is rapturously welcomed by *Elisabeth* to whom he relates the miracle of his escape from *Venus*. The fourth scene opens with the familiar march and chorus, and a festival of song is prepared.

In the third act the introduction illustrates *Tannhäuser's* pilgrimage. In the first scene, the Pilgrims' Chorus is heard, followed by *Elisabeth's* prayer to the Virgin, one of the most strikingly beautiful numbers in the whole work. The second scene is devoted to *Wolfram* alone and includes the exquisite romance, "The Evening Star" ("O, du mein holder Abendstern"), sung as a tribute to *Elisabeth*. The last scene is occupied with *Tannhäuser's* repentance, the last effort of *Venus* to entice him once more to the mountain, the death of *Elisabeth*, which releases him from her magic, and *Tannhäuser's* own death, his last words being "Holy Saint Elisabeth, O pray for me." The Hallelujah Chorus of the younger pilgrims brings the scene to its close.

HERMANN, LANDGRAVE	HERR EMIL SCARIA.
TANNHÄUSER	HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.
WOLFRAM	HERR FRANZ REMMERTZ.
WALTHER	HERR THEODORE TOEDT.
BITTEROLF	HERR MAX HEINRICH.
HEINRICH	MR. CHARLES T. BARNES.
REINMAR	MR. GEO. H. BRODERICK.
ELISABETH	FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.
SHEPHERD	MISS EMMA JUCH.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

SCENE I.

BACCHANALE, CHORUS OF SIRENS.

Come to these bowers
Radiant with flowers,
Here love shall bless you,
Here endeth all longing.
Soft arms shall press you
Mid blisses thronging,
Come to these bowers,
Come to these bowers.

SCENE III.

TANNHÄUSER. A YOUNG SHEPHERD. PILGRIMS.

(Tannhäuser finds himself in a beautiful Vale. At the back, the Wartburg. In the foreground, a shrine of the Virgin. On a rocky eminence, a young Shepherd is playing the pipe.)

A YOUNG SHEPHERD.

Dame Holda stepped from the mountain's heart

To roam this wood and this meadow;
Sweet sounds and low around me did start,
I longed I might follow her shadow;
And there dream't I a golden dream
And when again the day did gleam
The spell was gone that bound me;
'Twas May, sweet May around me.
Now songs of joy attune my lay,
For May hath come, the balmy May.

(He plays upon his pipe. The Chant of the elder Pilgrims is heard, who come from the direction of the Wartburg.)

CHORUS OF THE ELDER PILGRIMS.

To Thee, O Lord, my steps I bend,
In Thee both joy and sorrow end,
Oh! Mary, pure and gracious one!
Bless thou the road we have begun.

(The Shepherd, now hearing the Chant, ceases playing and listens devoutly.)

Oh! see my heart, by guilt oppressed,
I faint, I sink beneath my burden!
Nor will I cease, nor will I rest,
Till heavenly mercy grants my pardon.
At thy august and holy shrine,
I go to seek the grace divine,
Thrice blessed, who thy promise know!
Absolved by penance shall they go.

SHEPHERD.

God speed, God speed to Rome! There for
my soul, O, breathe a prayer.

(TANNHÄUSER sinks on his knee.)

TANNHÄUSER.

Almighty! praise to Thee! Great are the
marvels of thy mercy.

PILGRIMS.

To Thee, O Lord, my steps I bend,
In Thee both joy, etc.

TANNHÄUSER.

Oh! see my heart, by guilt oppressed,
I faint, I sink, etc.

PILGRIMS.—(far distant.)

At thy august and holy shrine,
I go to seek, etc.

(The Chant dies away, The sound of hunting bugles
comes nearer and nearer. The LANDGRAVE and MIN-
STRELS, in hunting array, descend from a forest path.)

SCENE IV.

THE LANDGRAVE AND MINSTRELS.

THE LANDGRAVE

(perceiving TANNHÄUSER).

Who is yon knight, so deep absorbed in prayer?

WALTER.

A pilgrim, sure.

BITTEROLF.

By every sign, a noble.

WOLFRAM

(recognizing TANNHÄUSER).

Our lost one.

WALTER AND OTHERS.

Henry, Henry, is it thou?

(TANNHÄUSER hastily rises and bows mutely to the
LANDGRAVE.)

LANDGRAVE.

Is't no delusion? Dost thou then return to
us, whom thou so rashly did'st abandon?

BITTEROLF.

Say, what doth thy return this day forebode
us?

WALTER AND OTHERS.

Yes, declare. Is't friendship, or a challenge
as of old?

WALTER.

Com'st thou as friend or scornful foe?

OTHERS.

As foe?

WOLFRAM.

O, ask him not! His looks bespeak not scorn-
ing!

(drawing near to TANNHÄUSER)

We welcome thee, thou gallant minstrel. Alas!
too long wert thou from us estranged.

WALTER.

Yes, welcome, if thou com'st in peace.

BITTEROLF.

All hail, if we as friends can greet.

OTHERS.

All hail, all hail, we welcome thee.

LANDGRAVE.

I, too, would welcome thy return! But say,
where tarried'st thou so long?

TANNHÄUSER.

In strange and distant realms, I wandered far,
Where neither peace nor rest were ever found.
Ask not! At enmity I am with none.
We meet as friends. Let me in peace depart.

LANDGRAVE.

Depart! thou shalt not, for our own we claim
thee.

WALTER.

Thou must not go.

BITTEROLF.

From us thou shalt not part.

OTHERS.

Stay, be ours, etc.

TANNHÄUSER.

I must. Onwards, I'm driven ever.
Never upon earth can I have rest.
The past to me is closed forever,
I'm doomed to roam alone unblest.
Nay, stay me not; I must away.

BITTEROLF.

Here dwells Elisabeth.

TANNHÄUSER.

Elisabeth! O, ruth of Heaven,
That name adored once more I hear.

WOLFRAM.

He is no foe, who doth that name to thee
recall.
My sovereign lord, permit that I may tell him
of the prize he won.

LANDGRAVE.

Tell him the marvel that his song hath wrought,
and keep him, Heaven, in virtue,
That nobly he may own it.

WOLFRAM.

When for the palm in song we were contend-
ing,
And oft thy conquering strain the wreath
had won,
Our songs anon thy victory suspending,
One glorious prize was won by thee alone.
Was't magic or a power divine
That wrought thro' thee the wondrous sign?
Thy harp and song in blissful hour
Enthralled of royal maids the flower.
For, ah! when thou in scorn had'st left us
Her heart was closed to joy and song.
Of her sweet presence she bereft us;
For thee, in vain, she wearied long.
Oh! Minstrel bold, return and rest thee,
Once more awake thy joyous strain;
Cast off the burden that oppressed thee,
And her fair star will shine again.

WALTER AND OTHERS.

Return, O Henry! thou, our brother!
Anger and strife shall be no more.
In joy and peace with one another
Our strains united let us pour.

(TANNHÄUSER, deeply stirred, passionately embraces
WOLFRAM and the MINSTRELS.)

TANNHÄUSER.

What joy! what joy! O, guide my steps to
her.
Ah! dost thou smile once more upon me,
Thou radiant world that I had lost?
Oh! sun of Heaven, thou dost not shun me,
By stormy clouds no longer crossed.
'Tis May, sweet May, its thousand carols
tender
Rejoicing set my sorrow free.
A ray of new unwonted splendor
My soul illumines. O joy, 'tis she!

MINSTRELS.

He doth return, no more to wander,
Our loved and lost is ours again.
All praise and thanks to those we render
Who could persuade, and not in vain.
Now let your harps indite a measure
Of all that hero's hand may dare,
Of all that poet's heart can pleasure
Before the fairest of the fair.

(During the foregoing, the LANDGRAVE's retinue have
assembled. The huntsmen sound their bugles.)

TANNHÄUSER.

Guide me to her.

ACT II.

PRELUDE AND SCENE I.

(The hall of MINSTRELS in the Wartburg.)

ELISABETH

(enters in joyous emotion).

O, hall of song, I give thee greeting,
All hail to thee, thou hallowed place!
'Twas here that dream so sweet and fleeting
Upon my heart his song did trace.
But since by him forsaken,
A desert thou dost seem!
Thy echoes only waken
Remembrance of a dream.
But now the flame of hope is lighted,
Thy vault shall ring with glorious war,
For he whose strains my soul delighted
No longer roams afar, etc.

(TANNHÄUSER, conducted by WOLFRAM, enters.)

SCENE II.

ELISABETH, TANNHÄUSER AND WOLFRAM.

WOLFRAM.

Behold her! Naught your meeting shall dis-
turb.

(TANNHÄUSER throws himself at ELISABETH's feet.)

TANNHÄUSER.

O, princess!

ELISABETH.

Heaven! do not kneel. Leave me. Here
thus we should not meet.

(She is about to depart.)

TANNHÄUSER.

We may. O, stay! and let me kneel forever
here.

ELISABETH.

I pray thee, rise. 'Tis not for thee to kneel
where thou hast conquered. This hall is
thy domain.
Rise, I implore. Thanks be to Heaven that
thou return'st to us.
So long, where hast thou tarried?

TANNHÄUSER

(slowly rising).

Far away in strange and distant regions, and
between yesterday and to-day oblivion's veil
hath fallen.
Every remembrance hath forever vanished,
Save one thing only rising from the darkness,
that I then dared not hope,
I should behold thee, nor ever raise my eyes
to thy perfection.

ELISABETH.

How wert thou led now to return to us?

TANNHÄUSER.

A marvel 'twas, by Heaven enwrought within
my spirit!

ELISABETH.

I praise the power that wrought it from out
my heart's recesses!
Forgive, I scarcely know what I am saying.
Thy presence here a vision doth it seem.
Strange dream of life, mysterious and alluring!
The world to me is changed.
Canst thou declare what this emotion to my
heart betokens?
In minstrels' lays delighting, I marked and lis-
tened long and oft;
Their subtle, sweet inditing, to me seemed
dalliance soft.
But now the past to me is darkened,
Repose and joy from me have flown;
Since fondly to thy lays I hearkened,
The pangs of bliss and woe I've known.
Emotions that I comprehend not,
And longings never guessed before,
Upon my bidding they depend not,
But fled are all delights of yore.
And when this land thou hadst forsaken,
Repose and joy for me were fled;
No minstrel could my heart awaken,
To me these lays seemed sad and dead.
In slumber oft, near broken-hearted;
Awake, each pain fondly recalled—
All joy had from my life departed—
Henry, Henry! why thus am I enthralled?

TANNHÄUSER.

All praise to love for this fair token!
Love touched my harp with magic sweet;
Love thro' my song to thee hath spoken,
And captive leads me at thy feet.

ELISABETH AND TANNHÄUSER.

Oh! blessed hour of meeting, Oh! blessed
power of love!
At last I give thee greeting, no longer wilt
thou rove!
Now life renewed awaketh the hope that once
was mine!
The cloud of sorrow breaketh, the sun of joy
doth shine, etc.

SCENE III.

ELISABETH AND THE LANDGRAVE.

LANDGRAVE.

Com'st thou at last to grace the contest,
wilt thou shun these walls no longer?
What hath lured thee from thy solitude, to
come amongst us?

ELISABETH.

My sovereign, O, my more than father?

LANDGRAVE.

Wilt thou then at last reveal to me thy secret?

ELISABETH.

Tell it I cannot, read my eyes and know.

LANDGRAVE.

This day it shall still be unspoken,
Thy treasur'd thought thou need'st not own;
The spell shall yet remain unbroken,
Till what the future brings is known;
So be 't. The wondrous flame that song hath
kindled, this day shall brightly soar.
Thy joy, all hearts rejoicing, shall on this day
be crowned.
What hath been sung shall spring to life for
thee!
This day will see our nobles all assembled, to
grace the solemn feast; they now approach.
None will be absent, since they know that once
again thy hand the victor's wreath bestows.

SCENE IV.

THE LANDGRAVE, ELISABETH, MINSTRELS, NO-
BLES, KNIGHTS AND LADIES.

KNIGHTS AND NOBLES.

Hail bright abode, where song the heart re-
joices,

May lays of peace within thee never fail,
Long may we cry with loyal voices,
Prince of Thuringia, Landgrave Hermann,
hail.

CHORUS OF LADIES.
Hail bright abode, etc.

ACT III.

INTRODUCTION.—TANNHÄUSER'S PILGRIMAGE.

(The valley beneath the Warthurg. On an eminence
ELISABETH kneeling before the shrine in prayer.
WOLFRAM approaches and perceives ELISABETH.)

WOLFRAM.

By yonder shrine I'm ever sure to find her,
kneeling in fervent prayer, where my
lonely and joyless way back to the valley
leads me.

The death blow struck by him within her,
She prays that Heaven may shrive the sinner,
His weal imploring, day and night,
O, blessed love, how great thy might!

The pilgrims soon from Rome will be return-
ing; the year declines, ere long they must
be here. Will he return, repentant and ab-
solved?

This doth she pray for Heaven, entreating,
Ye Saints! O grant their happy meeting!
Although my wound may never heal,
O, may she ne'er my anguish feel!

(As he is about to descend into the valley he hears the
PILGRIMS' chant, and stops.)

CHORUS OF ELDER PILGRIMS.

Once more with joy, O, my home I may meet!
Once more these fair flowery meads I may
greet;

My pilgrim's staff henceforth may rest,
Since Heaven's sweet peace is in my breast.

The sinner's plaint on high was heard,
Accepted by a gracious Lord!

The tears I laid before his shrine
Are turned to hope and joy divine!
O, Lord, eternal praise be thine.

The blessed source of thy mercy overflowing
On souls repentant, who seek thee hestow-
ing.

Of hell and death I have no fear,
My gracious Lord is ever near,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! eternally.

ELISABETH.

The Pilgrims' song, 'tis they; they have re-
turned!

Ye Saints! O, let me know my task, that I may
worthily fulfill it.

WOLFRAM.

They come at last. It is the pious chant, tell-
ing of the sin absolved and pardon
granted.

O, Heaven, let her heart be strong, if now her
fate must be decided!

ELISABETH

(anxiously watching whether TANNHÄUSER is among
the PILGRIMS).

He will return no more.

PILGRIMS

(disappearing through an opening in the valley).
Once more with joy, etc.

ELISABETH

(falling on her knees).

O blessed Virgin, hear my prayer!
Thou star of glory, look on me,
Here in the dust I bend before thee,
Now from this earth, O set me free.
Let me a maiden pure and white,
Enter into thy kingdom bright!
If vain desires and earthly longing
Have turned my heart from thee away,
The sinful hopes within me thronging
Before thy blessed feet I lay;
I'll wrestle with the love I cherished,
Until in death its flame hath perished.
If of my sin those will not shrive me,
Yet in this hour O grant thy aid,
Till thy eternal peace thou give me
I vow to live and die thy maid;
And on thy bounty I will call,
That heavenly grace may on him fall.

(Perceives WOLFRAM, who approaches and makes a
gesture, asking him not to speak to her.)

WOLFRAM.

O royal maid, shall I not guide thee home-
ward?

(She again signifies that her way leads to Heaven,
where she has a high task to fulfill. She proceeds up
the ascent, and gradually disappears. WOLFRAM seats
himself at the foot of a rock, and begins to preludise
on his harp.)

WOLFRAM.

Like death's dark shadow night her gloom ex-
tendeth,

Her sable wing o'er all the vale she bendeth.
The soul that longs to tread yon path of light
Yet dreads to pass the gate of fear and night.

I look on thee, O star in Heaven the fairest,
Thy gentle beam this trackless space thou
bearest,

The hour of darkness is by thee made bright,

Thou lead'st us upward with pure, kindly
light ;

O star of eve, thy tender beam
Smiles on my spirit's troubled dream.
From heart that ne'er its trust betrayed,
Greet, when she passes, the peerless maid,
Bear her beyond this vale of sorrow,
To fields of light that know no morrow.

SCENE III.

TANNHÄUSER AND WOLFRAM ; LATER, VENUS,
WALTER AND MINSTRELS, THE LANDGRAVE
AND NOBLES.

(TANNHÄUSER enters in ragged pilgrim's dress, pale and
worn, leaning on his staff.)

TANNHÄUSER.

The sound of harp I heard. It spoke of sad-
ness. It was not she who sang.

WOLFRAM.

Who art thou, pilgrim, thy lonely path pur-
suing ?

TANNHÄUSER.

Who am I ? I who know thee so well.
Wolfram, thou art the wise and skillful min-
strel.

WOLFRAM.

Henry ! Thou ! What means thy coming
thus dejected ? Speak ! Tell me not that thou,
unabsolved, hast dared to set thy foot within
these precincts.

TANNHÄUSER.

Nay, have no fear, O sapient minstrel, I
seek thee not, nor yet thy proud companions.
A path I seek, or one to guide my footsteps,
to find a path erewhile I trod with ease.

WOLFRAM.

What path is that ?

TANNHÄUSER.

It leads to Venus' hill.

WOLFRAM.

Thou godless man ! Thy words defile my
ear. That is thy mission ?

TANNHÄUSER.

Dost thou know the path ?

WOLFRAM.

O madman ! Dread unknown thy words
inspire. Whence com'st thou ? Hast thou
not been in Rome ?

TANNHÄUSER

(enraged).

Speak not of Rome.

WOLFRAM.

Hast thou not sued for pardon ?

TANNHÄUSER.

Speak not of that.

WOLFRAM.

Thou wert not there ? O. I conjure thee,
speak.

TANNHÄUSER.

Yea, I have been in Rome.

WOLFRAM.

Say on ! O tell me all. Unhappy man ! With
deep compassion, I will hear thy words.

TANNHÄUSER.

What say'st thou, Wolfram ? Say, art thou
not my foe ?

WOLFRAM.

No, nevermore, while thou art true to
honor. But tell thy pilgrimage to Rome.

TANNHÄUSER.

I will, I will. Thou, Wolfram, shalt know
what befell me.

(WOLFRAM is about to seat himself by his side).

Away from me ! The refuge where I rest
me is accursed. Now mark, Wolfram ! Mark
well !

Contrite in spirit as no pilgrim yet on earth
hath been,

I bent my steps to Rome,
An angel had dispelled the pride of sin,
Its mad profaneness from my bosom
For her sake I went forth a pilgrim
To reconcile offended Heaven.

She who with tears for me had pleaded
Should know my sin had been forgiven ;
When I beheld a heavy-burdened pilgrim,
It seemed to me his load was all too light ;
And if he sought a pathway o'er the meadow,
I trod unshod amid the rocks and thorns ;
If he refreshed his lips by cooling fountain,
The brazen sun poured on my head forlorn ;
When he besought the saints in murmured
prayers,

I shed my life-blood in the cause divine ;
When in the hospice he sought rest and shel-
ter,
On ice and snow it was that I sought mine.

Lest Italy's fair scenes my heart had gladden-
 ed,
 I passed them blindfold, so my soul was sad-
 dened.

I went, my wasted heart remorse was burning
 That for my sake an angel waited mourning,
 Thus Rome I gained at last ; with tears implor-
 ing,

I knelt before the rood in faith adoring.
 When daylight broke the silvery bells were
 pealing,

Thro' vaulted roof a song divine was stealing,
 A cry of joy breaks forth from thousand
 voices,

The hope of pardon every heart rejoices.
 There him I saw who holds the keys of
 Heaven,

And prostrate fell they all before his face,
 And thousands he forgave that day and blessed
 them,

And sent them forth renewed in heavenly
 grace.

Then I drew near, my glances earthward
 bending,

I made my plaint, despair my bosom rending,
 I told what mad desires my soul had darkened
 By sinful earthly pleasure long enslaved.

To me it seemed that he in mercy hearkened,
 A gracious word in dust and tears I craved;
 Then he whom thus I prayed, replied :

If thou hast shared the joys of hell,
 If thou unholy flames hast nursed
 That in the hill of Venus dwell
 Thou art forevermore accursed,
 And, as this barren staff I hold,
 Ne'er will put forth a flower or leaf,
 Thus shalt thou nevermore behold
 Salvation or thy sin's relief.

Then hopeless, dumb despair obscured my
 senses,

I sank down motionless. When I awoke
 'Twas night, and I alone, by all forsook.
 I heard afar the songs of praise and prayer.
 With loathing I fled to escape the sound.

What were to me the tidings of their joy ?
 An outcast spurned in whom all hope was
 dead,

With horror in my breast I turned and fled;
 Then longed my soul those joys to taste again,
 Which once before my earthen pains had slain,
 To thee, fair Venus, I surrender,

Let thy sweet magic round me play,
 I'll be thy slave, thou star of splendor,
 Thou only canst these pangs allay.

WOLFRAM.

Oh ! stay thy godless raving.

TANNHÄUSER.

O guide my steps that I may find thee.

WOLFRAM.

No more.

TANNHÄUSER.

How well erewhile the road I knew.

WOLFRAM.

Thou madman !

TANNHÄUSER.

Behold men have with curses spurned me,
 Come, lovely goddess, guide me true.

WOLFRAM.

(shuddering).

Thou godless one ? Whom dost thou call ?

TANNHÄUSER.

Ah ! dost thou not feel balmy breezes ?

WOLFRAM.

Away ! O fly ! or thou art lost.

TANNHÄUSER.

My senses what ecstasy seizes. Hearest thou
 not rapturous music ?

WOLFRAM.

O wert thou rather in thy grave !

TANNHÄUSER

(more excited as the phantoms approach).

In mazy dance the nymphs now are flying.
 Come on ! Come on ! ye fair, come on, re-
 ceive your slave.

WOLFRAM.

Woe ! evil demons fill the air,
 That hell its victim may ensnare.

TANNHÄUSER.

O come on pleasure's rosy pinion,
 I feel thy breath ambrosial,
 This is of love the sweet dominion,
 O Venus, on thee will I call.

(In a rosy light VENUS is seen reclining on her couch.)

VENUS.

[I welcome thee, perfidious man,
 Earth laid thee low beneath its ban ;
 Hast thou by all then been forsaken,
 In my arms blissfully to awaken ?]

TANNHÄUSER.

Sweet Venus, O in bliss receive me,
 With thee, with thee, O let me fly.

WOLFRAM.

Ye hellish phantoms, leave him, leave him,
All hope is lost when you are nigh.

VENUS.

[Com'st thou on grace from me relying,
Thy rash resolve I will forgive,
Come where joy is fed from source undying,
In pleasure's bright abode to live.]

TANNHÄUSER

(tearing himself away from WOLFRAM).

Accursed of hope, they have bereft me,
Now joys of hell alone are left me.

VENUS.

[O come, beloved, forever thou art mine.]

WOLFRAM.

O mighty Lord, in mercy, see,
Henry, one word and thou art free.

TANNHÄUSER.

Away from me. No, Wolfram, no, the
heavens are closed.

VENUS.

[Come, O, come, away, away.]

WOLFRAM.

Yet canst thou gain thy soul's salvation,
It hears an angel's supplication,
Who now for thee its grace implores.
Elisabeth, thy angel, prays for thee before the
throne,
And Heaven relents. Henry, thou art ab-
solved.

VENUS.

[O maid divine. Woe! I have lost him.]

WALTER, SCHREIBER AND MINSTRELS.

Receive the soul, O bounteous Lord,
That now to thee hath taken flight,
Hers be the angels' blest reward,
Bright be her glory in thy sight.
(VENUS sinks into the earth. From the Wartburg a
funeral train descends into the valley.)

WOLFRAM.

O, say, hearest thou this strain?

TANNHÄUSER

(dying).

I hear it.

(The funeral train reaches the valley, preceded by the pil-
grims; then follow the minstrels bearing ELISABETH'S
hearse, followed by LANDGRAVE and nobles.)

CHORUS

(continues).

Sainted forever, thro' all the spheres,
She who thro' love thy salvation attained;
Blest is the sinner, saved by her tears,
Now he the heavenly gate hath gained.

TANNHÄUSER.

(Led to the hearse by WOLFRAM, he sinks to the earth.)

Holy Saint Elisabeth, O pray for me.

(He dies.)

CHORUS OF YOUNGER PILGRIMS.

Hail, hail, the Lord hath marvels wrought,
Redemption He to all hath brought.
One night in blest propitious hour
He left a sign of His dread power;
The barren staff of priestly rule
He made to bloom with summer's green.
Now man's curse doth the Lord annul,
His pitying love shall make us clean.
Declare it loud through every land,
None who condemn at last shall stand;
High doth He throne 'bove sin and death,
Reigning in mercy, not in wrath.

WALTER, MINSTRELS AND PILGRIMS.

The Lord Himself now thy bondage hath
riven,
Go, enter in with the blest in His Heaven.
Hallelujah!

(The curtain falls.)

FIRST MATINEE.

WAGNER PROGRAMME.

CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION MARCH WAGNER.

THIS march was composed for the Centennial Celebration of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876, and is dedicated to the Women's Centennial Committees. It is noticeable as the only piece which Wagner wrote for a special occasion upon a regular commission. The stipulated sum for the work was \$5,000, though, through the generosity of his American friends, he received twice that amount at a time when he was greatly in need of funds for his first Bayreuth Festival. Its title page bears the following legend:

“Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben,
Der täglich sie erobern muss.”

“He only earns the right to freedom and to
life
Who daily is compelled to conquer them.”

SELECTIONS FROM “LOHENGRIN” WAGNER.

THE story of “Lohengrin,” in brief, is as follows: *Elsa*, of Brabant, has been accused in one of the mediæval councils of the murder of her brother. She declared that an illumination had come to her in which she had seen a beautiful and divine knight, *Lohengrin*, who was to defend her honor against her accuser, *Telramund*, who was obliged to maintain his charges in combat. *Elsa* alone is confident that the hero of her vision will appear, and soon, to the astonishment of the crowd, an object is seen in the distance coming down the river, which, as it approaches, proves to be a boat drawn by a swan and conveying a glittering knight. The combat takes place, and *Lohengrin* prostrates *Telramund* and holds his life at his mercy. He receives the hand of *Elsa*, whom he has saved, but binds her by a vow never to ask his name or degree. *Telramund* hates *Elsa*, because his addresses had been spurned by her, and because he is a claimant for the rule of the realm, and is subsequently slain by *Lohengrin* in the midst of an attempted assassination. *Telra-*

mund's wife, *Ortrud*, hates *Elsa* even more bitterly, but seeks her revenge in a more stealthy manner. She commences by sowing seeds of doubt and distrust in *Elsa's* mind, and gradually but surely leads her on to that point where, through her rashness, *Lohengrin* is compelled to disclose his name as Parsifal's son, Knight of the Grail. The denouement is the death of *Elsa* and the return of *Lohengrin* to the supernatural state.

The selections arranged by Mr. Thomas for this Festival commence with the Vorspiel from the first act, which serves as an overture to the opera, the subject being the descent of the angels bearing the Holy Grail, the mysterious symbol of the Christian faith. The Grail motive pervades not only the prelude, but the whole work. The beauty of its treatment in this number, and the delicious harmonies which accompany the descent of the Grail, increasing in warmth and variety until the sacred mystery is revealed to human eyes, and then dying away to pianissimo and gradually disappearing as the angels return to their celestial abode, characterize this number as one of the most striking musical pictures ever delineated.

From the prelude we pass to the second scene of the second act, the grand duo between *Elsa* and *Ortrud*, in which the latter pleads for the forgiveness of *Telramund* and craftily plans the conspiracy for revenge, which is thwarted subsequently by *Lohengrin*. The text for this duo is as follows:

ELSA MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON.
ORTRUD MME. AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.

SCENE II.

(*ELSA*, in a white dress, appears on the balcony of the Kemenate, which she leans over. *ORTRUD* sits opposite on the steps of the Minster.)

ELSA.

Ye breezes, who so often heard tales of my distress,
Grateful, the joy that fills me to you I will confess.

ORTRUD.

'Tis *Elsa*!

ELSA.

Through you he floated safely — you check'd the billows wild,
In vain was all their fury, when on his course you smiled.

ORTRUD.

The hour at which she sees me,
How often will she curse?

ELSA.

I begg'd you oft, in sorrow, to dry a falling tear;
Now cool the burning blushes that on my cheeks appear.

ORTRUD

(to *TELAMUND*).

Away! retire some distance hence.
She is for me — her champion is for thee.
(In a plaintive voice.)

Elsa!

ELSA.

Who calls? Why fearfully and sadly
Resounds my name thus through the night?

ORTRUD.

Elsa, so strange appears my voice?
And canst thou thus repel the wretch
Whom thou hast brought to misery?

ELSA.

Ortrud! Is't thou? What dost thou here,
Thou hapless one?

ORTRUD.

"Thou hapless one!"

Thou nam'st me rightly now indeed.
In yonder forest's deep recesses
I passed my days in solitude;
How harm'd I thee? How harm'd I thee?

Joyless, bewailing the misfortunes
So long inflicted on my race,
How harm'd I thee? How harm'd I thee?

ELSA.

Good Heaven! what lay'st thou to my charge?
By me wert thou to mis'ry brought?

ORTRUD.

To think that thou couldst look with envy
On me because the man despised
By thee — me for his wife preferred?

ELSA.

All-gracious Heav'n, what canst thou mean?

ORTRUD.

Beguil'd by some insane illusion,
Thee, innocent, he charged with guilt.
His heart now melts with deep contrition —
How heavy is his punishment?

ELSA.

Avenging pow'rs!

ORTRUD.

Aye, thou art happy.
Thy hours of short-lived grief are ended.
Life wears for thee a smiling face.
Thou heedlessly canst cast me from thee,
Death's never-failing path to trace.
Thus never will my sorrow, never
Darken the threshold of thy door.

ELSA.

How ill should I repay the bounties,
Kind Heav'n, of thy surpassing grace,
If when the wretched bent before me
I drove them hence with scornful face.
I cannot — Ortrud, say no more,
Myself for thee will ope the door.

(Retires into the Kemenate.)

ORTRUD

(springing from the steps with wild delight).

Ye gods! now slighted, on ye am I calling.
Would ye remain forever in the shade?
Your cause is mine, ye Deities appalling.

Ah! check the progress of the renegade
Wodan, thou ever great and strong,
Freia, once sung in many a song,
Give your assistance to deceit —
My vengeance then will be complete.

(ELSA and two servants, with candles, enter from the
lower door of the Kemenate.)

ELSA.

Ortrud, where art thou?

ORTRUD

(kneeling).

Here, behold me prostrate.

ELSA.

Arise. Thus must I see thee kneeling,
Thee whom I know so great, so proud?
'Twould move a heart devoid of feeling,
Thine head to see so lowly bow'd.
Arise. All wrong thou has committed —
Free pardon now for all receive.
Thou art not scorn'd, but deeply pitied;
Me for thy woes in turn forgive.

ORTRUD.

For this compassion Heav'n reward thee!

ELSA.

He who to-morrow calls me bride,
Like me with pity shall regard thee,
And Fred'rick shall forgive, beside.

ORTRUD.

What gratitude can e'er repay thee?

ELSA.

When first the morn begins to glow,
In costly ornaments array thee;
Then with me to the Minster go,
Where I the hero shall await,
Whom Heav'n has deigned with me to mate.

ORTRUD.

What fitting homage can I show thee?
So poor and weak, thou knowest well
A wretch am I, too far below thee,
Though in thy favor I may dwell.
Of one small pow'r have none bereft me
One pow'r unweaken'd still I have,
Can use it still while it is left me,
From sorrow thee perhaps to save.

ELSA.

What mean'st thou?

ORTRUD.

Gentle Elsa, mind thee,
Although the present seems so fair,
Thou must not let its brightness blind thee,
Thy future weal must be my care.

ELSA.

What threatens?

ORTRUD.

Canst thou fathom ever
How wondrous must his magic be
Who ne'er could leave thee, maiden — never —
As he by magic came to thee.

ELSA.

(Shrinks from ORTRUD and then regards her with pity.)

Poor creature ! thou canst never measure
 The depth of bliss in trusting hearts;
 Ne'er canst thou understand the pleasure
 Which faith, and faith alone imparts.
 Come, enter here — come, I beseech thee,
 And learn from me the purest joy,

Yes, I true happiness will teach thee —
 A happiness without alloy.

ORTRUD.

Ah, hateful pride ! yet it shall teach me
 The way to mar this purest joy.
 Her words unwittingly beseech me
 The bliss she boasts of to destroy.

The last selection for the second act is the bridal procession and chorus, *Elsa* advancing in her retinue of ladies, attired in her bridal robes, from the palace to the minster:

CHORUS.

May blessings shower upon thee, who could such woes endure !
 May saints watch kindly-o'er thee and make thy pathway sure.
 She comes, the maid angelic, to Heaven a suppliant
 For days by grief unchecked'd. Hail, *Elsa* of Brabant !

In the third act, after an instrumental introduction expressive of the glitter, pageantry and festivity of the wedding, the familiar strains of the bridal chorus are heard:

MEN AND WOMEN.

Guided by us — thrice happy pair —

Enter this chamber; 'tis love that invites.
 All that is brave — all that is fair —

Love, now triumphant, forever unites.
 Champion of virtue, boldly advance;
 Flow'r of all beauty, gently advance.
 Now the loud mirth of rev'ling is ended.
 Night, bringing peace and calm bliss, has descended.

Fann'd by the breath of happiness, rest,
 Clos'd to the world, by love only blest.

(Pages divest LOHENGRIN of his upper garment, and take off his sword, which they lay on the couch; the ladies take off *ELSA's* upper garment. During the following, eight ladies walk slowly around LOHENGRIN and *ELSA*.)

EIGHT LADIES.

May Heaven watch o'er ye ever,
 And happy be your lot !

Oh, may this hour be never
 Through days of joy forgot.

(The KING embraces LOHENGRIN and *ELSA*. The pages give a signal for departure. The men go off to the right, the women to the left, singing as follows:)

GENERAL CHORUS.

Stay ye alone, thrice happy pair,
 Here in the chamber, which love gently
 lights.

All that is brave — all that is fair —

Love, now triumphant, forever unites.
 Champion of virtue, here thou'lt remain —
 Flow'r of all beauty, here thou'lt remain.
 Now the loud mirth of rev'ling is ended.
 Night, bringing peace and calm bliss, is de-
 scended.

Fann'd by the breath of happiness, rest,
 Clos'd to the world, by love only blest.

(When all have left, the doors are closed from without;
 the song is heard in the distance.)

This scene is followed by the grand duo between *Elsa* and *Lohengrin* in the bridal chamber with its gradual transition from the passionate outpourings of love and happiness to the discovery of the seeds of doubt sown in *Elsa's* mind by the vengeful *Ortrud*.

LOHENGRIN HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.
 ELSA FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.

SCENE II.

(ELSA has fallen on LOHENGRIN's bosom; he conducts her to the couch, where they both sit.)

LOHENGRIN.

The song has died away—we are alone,
 Who never were alone since first we met.
 Now can the heart its inmost feelings own,
 And that there is an outer world forget.
 Elsa, my wife, my bride, dost thou repine,
 Or art thou happy that thou now art mine?

ELSA.

"Happy!" That word my transport cannot
 measure
 Unless I think of heav'nly happiness!
 Oh, when I look on thee—my heart's own
 treasure—
 Joys can I feel that mortals ne'er possess.

LOHENGRIN.

And sure the word thy transport well can
 measure
 If I partake that heav'nly happiness.
 Oh, when I look on thee, my heart's own
 treasure,
 Joys can I feel that mortals ne'er possess.
 Our hearts are by some sacred pow'r affected.
 We ne'er had met, yet each the other knew.
 If I to be thy champion were selected,
 'Twas love that guided me with purpose true;
 Thine eye proclaimed that thou from guilt
 wert free,
 Thy speaking glance all homage claim'd from
 me.

ELSA.

In blissful dreams one night, when sleep stole
 o'er me,
 I plainly saw thee in my presence stand
 As to my waking eyes, thou stood'st before me;
 Thus did I know thou cam'st by God's com-
 mand.
 I wish'd thy glance had melted me, that flow-
 ing,
 About thy steps I might a streamlet wind;
 A flow'r I wish'd to be, 'mid verdure grow-
 ing,
 Only beneath thy feet my death to find.
 Love is this merely? No words can language
 give me
 That all its hidden sweetness will reveal.
 Thy name I'd gladly join with it, believe me;
 But that from me thou ever wilt conceal.

LOHENGRIN.

Elsa!

ELSA.

How sweetly sounds my name by thee when
 spoken,
 Yet may I never hear the sound of thine?
 Surely some day the fetters will be broken,
 Thy name I then shall whisper—thou art
 mine!

LOHENGRIN.

My dearest wife!

ELSA.

Only when none are near—
 None must the soft confession hear.

LOHENGRIN

(pointing toward the window).

Dost thou not breathe, as I, that wealth of
 sweetness,
 Where the rapt senses, drunk with pleasure,
 bask?
 'Tis brought by gales mysterious in their
 fleetness;
 Tasting the fragrance, further nought I ask.
 Such is the spell which unto thee hath bound
 me.
 Thus, when first I saw thee, lovely as thou
 art,
 Those eyes decided—nought could then con-
 found me.
 Thy face alone at once convinced my heart.
 E'en as with rapture those sweet odors fire
 me,
 Though through the murky shades of night
 they rise,
 So did thine innocence with love inspire me?
 When thou wert crush'd with heavy calum-
 nies.

ELSA.

Ah, worthy of thee could'st thou find me?
 Aught would I gladly undergo.
 Would some desert to me could bind thee,
 That my devotion thou could'st know!
 From deadly perils thou hast freed me;
 Ah, wert thou in some deep distress,
 Though I am feeble, thou might'st heed me,
 Did I some coming danger guess.
 What can the secret be that never
 Thou may'st its fearful import tell?
 Perchance some harm 'twould bring—oh,
 ever
 Within my heart I'll guard it well.

Think not, my love, if I could share it,
 Feeling it in my heart secure,
 A menace from my lips could tear it;
 No! Death for thee I could endure.

LOHENGGRIN.

Beloved!

ELSA.

Oh, by thy trust let me be flatter'd,
 Thinking my love thou dost not spurn;
 Be all the mist that hides thee scatter'd —
 Thyself to know, ah, let me learn.

LOHENGGRIN.

Be silent, Elsa.

ELSA.

Yes, confiding

In me, thy noble self reveal.
 Whence cam'st thou? Say, nought from me
 hiding;
 These lips will silence ever seal.

LOHENGGRIN.

Nay, Elsa, nay, all confidence thou ow'st me;
 Unshrinking I gave credence to thy vow,
 That question ne'er to ask. Thou little know'st
 me,

If, through a woman's words, thou'rt waver-
 ing now.

Against my bosom let me press thee;
 Give ear unto this beating heart;
 Look fondly on me; let me bless thee,
 All pure and gentle as thou art!
 Yes, when I in my arms enfold thee,
 The breath thou breathe'st let me taste.
 Let me but feel, while still I hold thee,
 That happiness is mine at last.

Thy love full recompense will give me
 For all that I have left — have lost.

Let Heav'n of other gifts bereave me
 If I that thou art mine can boast!
 Although the King his crown should proffer,
 'Twould not repay my sacrifice,
 And I should rightly spurn his offer.

Thou, thou alone, art past all price,
 Doubt must within thy bosom wither,
 All dark suspicion cast aside.
 From night and grief I came not hither,
 I came from joy and noblest pride.

ELSA.

Oh, Heav'n! what hast thou told me? What
 art thou forc'd to own?
 Thine aim was to deceive me, but now the
 worst is known!

The joys that thou hast quitted thou think'st
 upon with pain;
 Thou hopest soon to leave me, and taste of
 them again.

Ah, me! how can I trust thee? Thou lov'st
 not me alone!

One day will take thee from me — with thee
 will all be gone.

LOHENGGRIN.

Not thus afflict thyself, love.

ELSA.

Nay, *thou* afflictest *me*.

The days am I to number that near me thou
 wilt be?

With ceaseless growing anguish my cheek will
 fade away;

Then, ruthless, thou wilt leave me in sorrow
 to decay.

LOHENGGRIN.

Never thy charms will fade, love, while thou
 from doubt art pure.

ELSA.

No chains have I to bind thee, to hold thee
 mine secure.

There's magic in thy presence — through
 magic art thou here.

Ah, nought could stay my sorrow! What tor-
 ment must I fear!

(Suddenly stricken with terror.)

Hear'st thou nought? My senses do not
 wander.

LOHENGGRIN.

Elsa!

ELSA.

'Tis nought; but there the swan I see —
 I see him floating on the waters yonder.

Thou callest him — he brings the boat to thee.

LOHENGGRIN.

Elsa, thy mind from those strange fancies
 free.

ELSA

No, nought can cure this madness —

Nought cheer this bursting heart —

Nought till, though life it cost me,
 Thou tell'st me who thou art.

LOHENGGRIN.

Nay, Elsa, I implore thee —

ELSA.

Oh, madness! oh, despair!

Thou whom I love too fondly,
 Thy name at once declare.

LOHENGRIN.
 Forbear!
 ELSA.
 Whence dost thou come?
 LOHENGRIN.
 Ah, me!
 ELSA.
 Where is thy home?
 LOHENGRIN
 (shrieks).
 Ah, me! what hast thou done?
 (ELSA, who stands before LOHENGRIN, sees through the
 door FREDERICK and the four Brabant nobles, as they
 burst in with drawn swords.)
 ELSA
 (shrieks).
 Save thyself — the sword — the sword!
 (She has hurriedly handed the sword to LOHENGRIN,
 who quickly draws it, and with one blow strikes
 FREDERICK lifeless to the ground. The four nobles
 kneel to LOHENGRIN in turn. ELSA falls senseless.)

LOHENGRIN.
 Despair! now all our happiness is fled.
 (Raises ELSA and places her gently on the couch.)
 ELSA
 (faintly).
 Oh, mighty Heav'n! oh, pity me!
 (Day gradually dawns. At a sign from LOHENGRIN,
 the nobles rise.)
 LOHENGRIN.
 Lift up the corpse, and bear it hence to the
 King.
 (The nobles raise FREDERICK's body and take it off
 through a door. LOHENGRIN rings a bell. Four
 ladies enter.)
 Before the King prepare to take her,
 Her choicest garments let her wear;
 Some fitting answer will I make her,
 And let her know the rank I bear.

The selections close with the march and chorus from the third act:

CHORUS.

Let the hated foe appear,
 We fear him not, we're well prepared to meet
 him here,
 Guarding our homes with helm and spear.
 Our German land shall be

By German sword kept free.
 Our foes shall powerless flee;
 Thus shall the realm in safety stand.
 Hail! hail! King Henry, hail!

SELECTIONS FROM "PARSIFAL" WAGNER.

THE selections from "Parsifal," the last of Wagner's operas, and given for the first time at Bayreuth but a short time before the composer's death, begin with the Vorspiel, which announces the leading motives of the story of the life of *Parsifal*, "the guileless fool," who was reared in the wilderness, by his mother, to escape the danger of being killed in battle like his father. One morning he wounds a swan in the precincts of the Grailsburg, where King *Amfortas*, son of *Titur*, founder of the order of Knights of the Sangrail, keeps the Holy Grail. The latter is suffering from a wound inflicted by *Klingsor*, who had vainly tried to become a Knight of the Grail, and in revenge erected a castle near by, and filled it with beautiful maidens to allure the Knights. The King himself had been infatuated with *Kundry*, one of the maidens, by which *Klingsor* gained possession of the Holy Spear, and inflicted the wound. There is a tradition that the King's wound can be healed if it is touched by "a guileless fool," with the same spear that caused it. *Kundry* is employed to fascinate *Parsifal* and ruin him, lest he heal the wound. She succeeds for a time, but by her kiss *Parsifal* understands the suffering of *Amfortas*, and tears himself away. As he is fleeing, *Klingsor* hurls the spear at him, which remains suspended over his head. *Parsifal* seizes it, and makes

the sign of the cross, whereupon the whole scene disappears as by magic. He wanders about for many years, trying to find the Grailsburg, and, at last, on a Good Friday morning, encounters *Gurnemanz*, who recognizes him, and the Holy Spear, and takes him before *Amfortas*, who is healed of his wound, while *Parsifal* is made the new King. *Kundry*, also, had in the meantime been converted, and become a servant of the Grail. The "Good Friday spell," which forms the second selection, is described in the following text:

PARSIFAL HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.
GURNEMANZ HERR EMIL SCARIA.

GURNEMANZ.

(Empties the flask completely over PARSIFAL'S head, rubs it gently, and folds his hands over it.)

Aye, thus it was foretold me,—
My blessing on thy head:
Our King indeed behold we.

Thou—pure one—
All-pitying sufferer,
All-knowing rescuer!

Thou who the sinner's sorrows thus hast suffered,

Assist his soul to cast one burden more.

PARSIFAL.

(Scoops up some water from the spring unperceived, bends down to the kneeling KUNDRY, and sprinkles her head.)

I first fulfill my duty thus:
Be thou baptized,
And trust in the Redeemer!

(KUNDRY bows her head to the earth, and appears to weep bitterly.)

PARSIFAL.

(Turns round and gazes with gentle rapture on the woods and meadows.)

How fair the woods and meadows seem to-day!

Many a magic flower I've seen,

Which sought to clasp me in its baneful twin-ings;

But none I've seen so sweet as here,—
These shoots that burst into blossom,
Whose odor recalls my childhood's days,
And speaks of loving trust to me.

GURNEMANZ.

That is Good Friday's spell, my lord!

PARSIFAL.

Alas, that day of agony!
Now surely everything that thrives.
That breathes and lives, and lives again,
Should only mourn and sorrow!

GURNEMANZ.

Thou see'st that is not so.

The sad repentant tears of sinners
Have here with holy rain
Besprinkled field and plain,
And made them glow with beauty.

All earthly creatures in delight
At the Redeemer's trace so bright,
Uplift their prayers of duty.

To see Him on the cross they have no power,
And so they smile on redeemed man,
Who, feeling freed, with dread no more doth cower,

Through God's love-sacrifice made clean and pure;

And now perceives each blade and meadow-flower

That mortal foot to-day it need not dread;

For, as the Lord in pity man did spare,
And in His mercy for him bled,
All men will keep, with pious care,
To-day a tender tread.

Then thanks the whole creation makes,
With all that flow'rs and fast goes hence,
That trespass-pardoned Nature wakes
Now to her day of Innocence.

(KUNDRY has slowly raised her head again, and gazes with moist eyes, earnestly and calmly beseeching, up at PARSIFAL.)

PARSIFAL.

I saw my scornful mockers wither;
Now look they for forgiveness hither!

Like a sweet dew a tear from thee too floweth:
Thou weepest—see! the landscape gloweth!

(He kisseth her softly on the brow. Distant bells are heard pealing, very gradually swelling.)

GURNEMANZ.

Midday.

The hour has come:—

Permit, my lord, thy servant hence to lead thee.

The scene closes with the music of the funeral procession, the incidents of which, in the movement of the music-drama, are thus described: *Gurnemanz* has brought out a coat of mail and mantle of the Knights of the Grail, which he and *Kundry* put on *Parsifal*. He grasps the Spear, and, with *Kundry*, follows *Gurnemanz*. Processions of Knights in mourning garb are perceived, the pealing of bells ever increasing. At last the whole immense hall becomes visible. The doors open again. From one side the Knights bear in *Titirel's* corpse in a coffin. From the other, *Amfortas* is brought in on his litter, preceded by the covered shrine of the Grail. The bier is erected in the middle; behind it the throne with canopy, where *Amfortas* is set down.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG, "*Siegfried's Death*." WAGNER.

ORCHESTRA.

THE selection from the "Götterdämmerung" is the impressive and majestic Funeral March that follows the death of *Siegfried*. It is woven up of various motives which recall the stirring events of his life, but it certainly does not need even a knowledge of these motives to convince the listener that this colossal and heroic funeral poem celebrates the death of a demi-god. It is full of sorrow, but a majestic sorrow, and as its massive, stately chords sound out their peals of grief, one can easily fancy the mournful procession of warriors toiling up the heights with the dead hero upon their shoulders, and disappearing in the mists. The two leading motives are as follows:



SELECTIONS FROM "*The Mastersingers.*" WAGNER.

THE selections from "*The Mastersingers*" open with the Vorspiel, one of the most striking specimens of Wagner's various and inexhaustible fancy. It is from first to last a realistic picture, robust in its strength, and drawn with exuberant humor, representing the movements of a festive throng of Nuremberg's burghers, knights, singers and apprentices. It furnishes the impression of festive pageantry, and of the joyous mediæval humor which are subsequently amplified in the opera.

The only vocal selection is "*Pogner's Address.*" The *Mastersingers* have assembled in the church of St. Catharine, in Nuremberg, to discuss the celebration of the approaching festival of St. John the Baptist, which is to be held on the meadows outside the city, and in which they themselves take a prominent part, appearing before the people in a contest of song. *Pogner*, a worthy citizen and *Mastersinger*, has the ear of the assembly for an important proposition:

POGNER. HERR EMIL SCARIA.

The feast of John the Baptist's Day,
We celebrate to-morrow;
On meadows green, mid flowers gay,
With merry dance, and song and play,
We Nature's gladness borrow,
Forgetting every sorrow —
And each rejoices in his way!
The Sing-School in the church is by
The Mastersingers slighted;
With drum and fife they gladly hie
To grassy meads, 'neath sunny sky,
And in the feast united,
The people are invited,
To hear in song the Masters vie.
In such a festival of song,
Are given various prizes,
That should the victors' fame prolong,
As only just and wise is.
Now God hath me with riches blest,
And love of song placed in my breast;
With trouble unremitting,
I've thought a prize befitting,—
That may be nobly won;
So listen what I've done:
In German land I've travel'd far,

To frenzy oft was driven,
To hear men think our burghers are
To worldly notions given.
In castles, as in town and court,
I've wearied of the base report,
That only barter and gain,
The burgher's heart enchain.
But that in our great empire wide
We Art alone have cherished,—
While elsewhere it hath perish'd;
That Art is still the burghers' pride;
And that we've ever stood,
Defending the High and Good,
And Art and Beauty here below —
This I to the world would like to show.
So hear, Masters, the wise
In which I would give the prize:—
The Singer who first honors in
The festival of song shall win,
On John the Baptist's Day,—
Be he whoso he may,
Receive what ne'er was in vogue nor
In mode, from me, Veit Pogner,—
With all my wealth and what beside,
Eva, my only child as —bride!

THIRD EVENING CONCERT.

MESSE DES MORTS BERLIOZ.

HECTOR BERLIOZ was born at Grenoble, France, December 11, 1803. He died in Paris, March 9, 1869. He was the little appreciated discoverer who first pointed out many of the various paths which subsequent composers of the so-called "romantic school" have followed to their souls' comfort and to the enriching of the art of Music. Berlioz's personal history was not fortunate. The son of a physician, he was sent to Paris to study medicine, but music absorbed him. He was a true child of the turbulent time into which he was born. His mind was preternaturally quick; his reverence a negative quantity. He believed nothing; was willing and even anxious to try everything. As a student at the Conservatory, he had anything but a flowery road. To all of the professors but Cherubini he was easily superior in natural gifts. By Cherubini he was heartily disliked on account of his disregard of the traditions of the schools. He was repeatedly plucked in examinations, but at length, in 1830, he gained the "grand prize of Rome" for his cantata, "Sardanapole." Returning from his three years at Rome, to which the prize entitled him, he became a writer of musical criticisms and miscellaneous feuilletons for the "Journal des Debats."

From a technical point of view, certain of Berlioz's attainments are phenomenal. The gigantic proportions, the grandiose style, the imposing weight of those long and broad harmonic and rhythmical progressions toward some end afar off, the exceptional means employed for exceptional ends,—in a word, the colossal aspect of certain movements, such as the "Judex Crederis" of his "Te Deum," or the "Lacrymosa" and "Dies Irae" of his "Requiem,"—are without parallel in musical art. The originality and inexhaustible variety of rhythms, and the surpassing perfection of his instrumentation, are points willingly conceded even by Berlioz's stanchest opponents. As far as the technique of instrumentation is concerned, it may truly be asserted that he treats the orchestra with the same supreme daring and absolute mastery with which Paganini treated the violin or Liszt the pianoforte. No one before him had so clearly realized the individuality of each particular instrument, its resources and capabilities. In his works the equation between a particular phrase and a particular instrument is invariably perfect; and over and above all this, his experiments in orchestral color, his combination of single instruments with others so as to form groups, and, again, his combination of several separate groups of instruments with one another, are as novel and as beautiful as they are uniformly successful.

There are several respects in which Berlioz's great "*Messe des Morts*" well deserves its place in the Festival programme. Even if we grant what many critics assert, that it is not fully successful in reproducing the best and most religious elements of the venerable text, this is to say no more of it than must also be said of those great masterpieces of poetry and painting, Dante's "*Inferno*," and Michael Angelo's "*Last Judgment*." Berlioz inherited the somewhat materialistic view of the after-death condition which the Latin church has handed down from the dark ages. Even Mozart, with all his refinement, was not able to wholly free himself from it. As for Michael Angelo, nothing could be more sensational and materialistically suggestive than the goings-on in his picture of hell. So, too, his illustration of the Resurrection and the Last Judgment. The dead are leaving their graves in prosaic disorder and deshabelle; the air of the whole is intensely practical. The knotted muscles betoken the violence of the haste with which the awakened sleepers rush toward their final account. This is the spirit of Berlioz in the "*Dies Irae*" and "*Tuba Mirum*" of the present work. The extraordinary means employed for creating a great mass of unusual sound is the musical version of the opening graves, the resurrection trumpet, and the lake of endless fire.

The work also stands in interesting relation to the great ones of the classical school, and the modern ones of the romantic school which it preceded. Berlioz was the first of the great romanticists, and almost at one bound traversed the whole sphere of it, bringing up finally in sheer realism, as decidedly so as Wagner—perhaps more so. Strictly speaking, we mean by "romantic" in music something more than what properly goes with the term. The word itself implies strong contrasts, something unusual. In music it means the effort to represent by means of music, feelings or events outside of music. A battle piece is a romantic effort in music. Chords and melodies are taken to represent the shock of arms, the boom of cannon, the cries of the wounded, etc. The curious in such matters will find in the score of Gounod's "*Redemption*" explanatory sentences over certain parts of the instrumental introduction.

Franz Schubert, the song-writer, gave the strongest impetus in this direction, for he set to music such an enormous variety of poems, and obtained such an extraordinary diversity of musical effects in the effort to properly characterize them, that his works might almost be taken as a thesaurus of romanticism.

At the time when this Requiem was composed Schubert had been dead ten years. It is not likely that Berlioz knew much of his music, but he must have known something. Beethoven's ninth symphony had been written ten years. The gifted young Mendelssohn's Overture to "*The Midsummer Night's Dream*" had been played for ten years. The romantic operas of Carl Maria von Weber had been before the public for varying periods. "*Der Freyschuetz*" was published in 1850; "*Euryanthe*" in 1822, and "*Oberon*" in 1825. The sensational Meyerbeer had produced "*Robert*" in 1831, and the "*Huguenots*" in 1836. The young Richard Wagner, ten years junior of Berlioz, had already undertaken his earlier operas. Thus the Berlioz Requiem fits in chro-

nologically between the operas of Weber and Meyerbeer, which came before it, and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" which came from six to ten years later. So much for the historical relations of the work to those of other composers. As to its place upon the list of Berlioz's own works it is one of the earliest. It was written in 1837. His "Romeo and Juliet" symphony appeared in 1839; "The Damnation of Faust" in 1846; "The Infancy of Christ" in 1854; "The Trojans" in 1862.

This Requiem was composed for the funeral pageant in honor of General Damremont, but we must not allow this circumstance to mislead us as to the essential nature of the problem which Berlioz proposed to himself. Although ostensibly of a "sacred" character, the sacredness of the work begins and ends in the incidental circumstance of its having been hung upon the words of the most solemn office of the church. Its solemnity, however, was not the operative motive of its selection by this composer, but rather the fact that the great mediæval hymn, the "*Dies Iræ*," strikes a wide range of chords in what might be called the morbid regions of human sympathy, and therein affords extraordinary opportunities to a composer. The whole tone of the work is irreligious, not to say theatrical. The habitual violation of the prescriptive rules of fugue-writing, in which Berlioz continually indulges himself (or, perhaps, which he could not avoid), is off the same piece as his reckless avoidance of harmonious relations of the voices, even in the unaccompanied numbers.

From what we know of Berlioz's psychological condition during the period to which this Mass belongs it is evident that he did not intend to produce a religious work, but only a work of a novel type; in which he would use the morbid and supernatural associations appertaining to death and the last judgment, as a cover or excuse for giving expression to the vast phantasmagoria of uncanny musical combinations which filled his teeming fancy.

This work is divided into ten musical numbers. Of these Nos. II, III, IV, V, and VI are parts of the hymn "*Dies Iræ*," and as such have a certain relation to each other, and go, by sequence, to make up one whole.

I. "*Requiem æternam dona eis*" ("Eternal rest give them, O Lord") is written for three, and occasionally six voices, in G minor, 3-4 time, *Andante poco lento*. At the words "*Te decet Hymnus*," a second subject is introduced, in B flat, which is afterward brought back again in the last movement of the work.

II. "*Dies iræ, dies illa*." Here we enter upon the real work which Berlioz had in mind. He starts out in a quasi-fugal style, and for a few measures seems to be accomplishing very little. But at the words "*Solvat Sæclum in Favilla*," he rises to something of a climax, and the orchestra introduces a startling chromatic sequence and crescendo, followed by a subsidence to the next verse, "*Quantus tremor*," which introduces the original subject in C minor. These words are repeated many times, in order to afford him the space he desired for amplifying the instrumented illustration of them, and rise to a great climax at the words "*Quantus tremor est futurus*." Hereupon follows one of the two greatest episodes of the work. It is that of the elaborate and extraordinary introduction to the bass solo "*Tuba mirum*." It is scored for full chorus of strings, and the following unprecedented array of wood-wind and

brass. The wood-wind is to consist of twelve horns, eight bassoons, four clarinets, two oboes, and four flutes. The brass is arranged in four small orchestras at the opposite corners of the stage. The first consists of four trumpets, four tenor trombones, and two bombardens or tubas; the second, four trumpets and four tenor trombones; the third, the same; the fourth, four trumpets, four tenor trombones, and four ophicleides. Then come the instruments of percussion, of which there are twelve kettle-drums, so tuned as to play chords, two base drums, tam-tam, and three pairs of cymbals. The solo voice at its entrance is accompanied only by the kettle-drums in chords. At the close of the first phrase the trumpets burst in. The exaggeration of the tremor and pianissimo at the words "*Mors stupebit*" is for the sake of a greater effect at the passage beginning with "*Liber Scriptus*." At the words "*Quidquid latet*," the rhythm becomes more complicated, by which an extraordinary effect is made which can only be characterized as "cyclopean."

III. The verse "*Quid sum Miser*" is almost entirely for first tenors. Its artistic design was that of affording a rest before the terrific volume of the next number.

IV. "*Rex tremendæ*." Here, again, Berlioz has unchained the dogs of war with astonishing effect. The elements, however, are the same as those already employed in the "*Dies Iræ*," except that here the usual complement of brass is but little exceeded.

V. "*Quærens me sedisti lassus*." An unaccompanied piece for voices, in imitative style.

VI. "*Lacrymosa*." This movement is probably the most completely successful of any in the entire work, as it is, also, the most extended. It has been described as "demanding from the choral parts the *morbidezza* and *abbandono* of a perfect Italian vocalist." The accompaniment is thoroughly characteristic of the composer, inasmuch as the melodic motive which is continually reiterated in it, is totally opposed to the character of the choral melody which it complements. The broad rhythm of this number is also peculiarly like Berlioz.

VII. "*Offertorium*." The "*Domine Jesu Christi*" presents the curious peculiarity of keeping the voices upon two notes, A alternating with B flat, throughout the movement, which is by no means short. The device was no doubt intended to suggest the intoned prayers of the congregation during the offertory, the organ furnishing the musical background.

VIII. "*Hostias et Preces*." This is mostly for four voices, mainly unsupported. At the close of the first phrase there occurs one of those peculiar effects upon which Berlioz prided himself. The orchestra enters with nothing else than three flutes and a trombone. The flutes sound the chord of B flat minor in alt; the trombone F below the bass staff, four octaves below.

IX. "*Sanctus*." A tenor solo, intercalated with choral responses. "Hosanna," a fugue which fully justifies Cherubini's *bon mot* that the reason why Berlioz disliked fugue was because the fugue disliked him.

X. "*Agnus Dei*." Male chorus, with effects of choral responses in the orchestra. The words "*Te decet Hymnus*" are set to the same theme as in the first number, after which the work subsides to a close.

W. S. B. MATTHEWS.

SOLOIST HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.

I.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux
perpetua luceat eis.

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi red-
detur votum in Jerusalem.

Exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro
veniet.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.

II.

Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla,
teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus, quando Judex est
venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus!

Et iterum venturus est cum gloria, judicare
vivos et mortuos.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum, per sepulchra
regionum, coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura, cum resurget crea-
tura, judicanti responsura. Liber scriptus
proferetur, in quo totum continetur, unde
mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo, cum sedebit, quidquid latet, ap-
parebit, nil inultum remanebit.

III.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus, quem patro-
num rogaturus, cum vix justus sit securus?
Recordare, Jesu pie, quod sum causa tuae
viae, ne me perdas illa die. Oro supplex et
acclinis, cor contritum quasi cinis, gere
curam mei finis.

IV.

Rex tremendae majestatis, qui salvandos sal-
vas gratis, salva me, fons pietatis. Recor-
dare, Jesu pie, quod sum causa tuae viae, ne
me perdas illa die.

Confutatis maledictis, flammis acribus ad-
dictis, voca me de profundo lacu! Libera
me de ore leonis, ne cadam in obscurum.

I.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let
perpetual light shine on them.

Thou, O God, art praised in Sion, and unto
Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusa-
lem.

Hear my prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh
come.

Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy.

II.

Day of wrath, that day dismaying, shall fulfill
the prophet's saying, earth in smoldering
ashes laying.

Oh, how great the dread, the sighing, when
the Judge, the All-descrying, shall appear,
all secrets trying.

And He shall come again with glory to judge
the quick and the dead.

Then shall ring the trump's weird knelling
thro' each tomb and charnel-dwelling, all
before the Throne compelling.

Death shall stand in consternation; nature
quake; and all creation rise to answer the
citation. From the book shall shine the
writing, all the bygone past reciting, and
the world of sin indicting.

Then the Judge shall sit, revealing hidden
deed, word, thought, and feeling, and to
each just sentence dealing.

III.

What shall wretched I be crying, to what
friend for succor flying, when the just in
dread are sighing? Think, kind Jesu, my
salvation caused Thy wondrous incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!

Low I kneel, with heart-submission: See, like
ashes, my contrition. Help me in my last
condition!

IV.

King of might and awe, defend me! Freely
Thy salvation send me! Fount of pity,
save, befriend me! Think, kind Jesu, my
salvation caused Thy wondrous incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!

While the wicked are confounded, doomed in
flames of woe unbounded, call me from the
deep lake; Deliver me from the lion's
mouth, lest I fall into darkness.

V.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus, redemisti crucem passus; tantus labor non sit cassus. Juste iudex ultionis, donum fac remissionis ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus, culpâ rubet vultus meus, supplicanti parce, Deus.

Preces meae non sunt dignae, sed tu, bonus, fac benigne, ne perenni cremer igne.

Qui Mariam absolvisti, et latronem exaudisti, mihi quoque spem dedisti.

VI.

Lacrymosa dies illa, quâ resurget ex favillâ judicandus homo reus. Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem aeternam.

VII.

OFFERTORIUM.—Domine Jesu Christe! Rex gloriae! Libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu!

Libera eas de ore leonis, ne absorbeat eas Tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum; sed signifer sanctus Michael repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam, quam olim Abrahae promisisti et semini ejus. Amen.

VIII.

Hostias et preces tibi, Domine, laudis offerimus.

Suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus.

IX.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth! Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis.

X.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine, cum sanctis tuis in aeternum. Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis. Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem. Exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro veniet. Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis, quia pius es.

Amen.

V.

Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me; on the Cross of suffering bought me: Shall such grace be vainly brought me? Righteous Judge of retribution, grant thy gift of absolution, ere that reckoning day's conclusion!

Guilty, now I pour my moaning, all my shame with anguish owning: Spare, O God Thy suppliant groaning!

Worthless are my prayers and sighing, yet, good Lord, in grace complying, rescue me from fires undying!

Thou the sinful woman savedst: Thou the dying thief forgavest: And to me a hope vouchsafedst.

VI.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth returning, man for judgment must prepare him. Lord all pitying, Jesu blest; Grant him Thine eternal rest!

VII.

OFFERTORY.—Lord Jesus Christ, king of glory! Deliver the souls of all the faithful dead from the punishment of hell and from the deep lake!

Deliver them from the lion's mouth, let not hell swallow them, let them not fall into darkness; but let Saint Michael, the standard-bearer, bring them into the holy light which once Thou didst promise to Abraham and his seed.

VIII.

Offerings of prayer and praise we bring to Thee, O Lord. Receive them for those souls whom to-day we commemorate.

IX.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.

X.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant them rest everlasting.

Let perpetual light shine on them, O Lord, with thy saints for ever. Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine on them. Thou, O God, art praised in Sion, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem. Hear my prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come. Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them, for Thou art gracious.

Amen.

DIE WALKÜRE—ACT III WAGNER.

BRÜNNHILDE, the Walkyrie, whose office it is to convey the bodies of the slain heroes to Walhalla, has received instructions from her father, *Wotan*, not to interfere in the combat between *Siegmond* and *Hunding*, but disobeys the order, and then seeks to escape its consequences. In the third act of the opera the Walkyries appear in the clouds, and are shortly joined by *Brünnhilde*, who is pursued by *Wotan*. For her disobedience she is punished by being thrown into a magic sleep, on the summit of the mountain. Subsequently he mitigates the penalty, by surrounding her with a wall of fire, from which alone she can be rescued by the hero who has courage enough to pass through the flames and waken her.

Such is the substance of the third act of "*Die Walküre*," the second of the four divisions of the *Niebelungen* Trilogy, whose motive turns upon the possession of the magic ring, obtained by *Wotan* from *Alberich*, one of the *Niebelungen*, who had stolen it from the Rhine daughters, and eventually restored to them by *Brünnhilde*, on the eve of her immolation, by which she breaks the power of the gods.

The first number selected for this festival is the vividly descriptive orchestral piece, "*Der Ritt der Walküren*," constructed upon the following motives, suggestive of the rush of steeds, the presence of the Walkyries and their weird calls to each other.



So vivid is the picture based upon these themes, it is unnecessary to add more than the brief statement that the Walkyries were warlike maidens, begotten by *Wotan*, whose duty it was to provoke the boldest heroes against one another in battle, and then conduct those to Walhalla who were slain, where *Wotan* enlisted them in defense of his castle against impending fate. The scene in the drama represents a troop of these weird sisters arriving upon a rocky height, through clouds of lightning and fire, greeting each other with wild laughter and cries, and each having the body of a slain warrior hanging over her saddle.

The second number is the third scene of the act, a grand duo for *Brünnhilde* and *Wotan*. In the fight between *Siegmond* and *Hunding*, *Brünnhilde* tries to give *Siegmond* the victory, but *Wotan* prevents it by breaking *Siegmond's*

sword in two with his spear. *Siegmond* falls, and *Wotan*, to punish her for her disobedience, determines to separate her from the troop of Walkyries, and announces to her this decision, which forms the motive of the duo, alternating with *Wotan's* menaces and *Brünnhilde's* appeals.

BRÜNNHILDE FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.
WOTAN HERR EMIL SCARIA.



BRÜNNHILDE.

Full of so sheer
a shame was my fault,
that with a meed now so shameful it is met?
Led me so deep
below thee my deed,
that in the depth of such downfall I am left?
Fell I at once
so far from my worth,
that so unworthy of fame I am found?
O say, Father!
Search in my face;
sink from thy wrath,
soften thy rage!
Kindle to sight
the covered sin,
that with stubborn stress besets thee
to forsake thy most chosen child!

WOTAN

(gloomily).

Seek of thy deed—
it sweeps the dark from thy sin!

BRÜNNHILDE.

Thine was the word
that worked on me then.

WOTAN.

Was what I warned thee
to fight for the Wolsung?

BRÜNNHILDE.

Thou said'st as lord
of the lots to me so.

WOTAN.

But back again
I grasped the bidding I gave.

BRÜNNHILDE.

When Fricka the bent
that filled thee had broken;
when sway thou gav'st to her fancy,
against thyself thou wert foe.

WOTAN

(bitterly).

I deemed thou hadst fathomed me fully,
and wittingly worked at thy deed;
but senseless and faint
before thee I seemed;
so were not betrayal thy trespass,
I should rate thee unworthy my wrath!

BRÜNNHILDE.

Not wide is my wisdom;
alone I was 'ware
of thy love for the Wolsung;
I knew of the strife
that had stunned thee enough
to make thee of him unmindful.
The only thing
not out of thy thought
to behold was so hard
a shock to thy heart—
that *Siegmond* sank from thy shelter.

WOTAN.

Thou saw'st how it stood,
and still wert stanch to his side?

BRÜNNHILDE.

For thy sake I seized on
that thing with my sight,
which, in hold of the other
harassed and hurt,
thou leftest unlooked to behind thee.

Who for Wotan warded
 his back in the war,
 she only could see
 what thou saw'st not at all;
 of naught but Siegmund I knew.
 In death's name
 I drew to him now,
 beheld how he seemed
 and heard what he said,
 till I knew the hero's
 holiest need.
 His grief in the tongue
 of a trumpet he gave me —
 love in its widest,
 lordliest woe,
 sorrow's unscanted
 silencing scorn;
 I beheld and heard,
 while I looked and hearkened,
 what shot unbarred to my breast
 and holily shook me at heart.
 Shy and startled
 stood I in shame;
 how I could help him
 haunted me wholly.
 Safety or death
 with Siegmund to draw for —
 such was the lot
 that alone I could seek!
 Whose breath had lifted
 this love in my breast,
 thy will, that gave me
 the Wolsung to guard,
 seemed with me for guide
 against the word thou had'st said.

WOTAN.

So hast thou done
 what to do so wholly I hoped —
 but what not to do
 I now doubly was doomed?
 So light to thee seemed
 sweetness of love to be lit on,
 when burning grief
 in my breast began,
 when harrowing fate
 with fierceness filled me,
 for love of a world,
 the well of love
 in my wildered heart to hinder?
 When against myself
 I searingly sided,
 when from wounds of faintness
 in foam I was wasted,
 till branding wants

and brideless wishes
 brought me the withering will,
 in the wreck of my world itself,
 to be rid of a slumberless sorrow,
 alone thy food
 was laughing delight,
 for feeling's blind
 and fathomless bliss
 thy lips were deep
 in the drink of love —
 while mine winced at the gall
 mixed with the woefare of gods.
 Thy fooling thought
 freely then follow;
 aloof thou hast left me far.
 No more may we meet,
 nor seek to be-mixed
 in whispered sounds of wisdom;
 in work no further
 thou fondly art with me;
 in life nowhere and light
 is again the god to be near thee!

BRÜNNHILDE.

Thou foundest unmeet
 the foolish maid,
 who saw not for wonder
 what thou had'st said,
 while from all I had learned
 my belief was alone —
 to love what thou first had'st loved.
 Must I then leave thee
 and meet thee no longer?
 Wilt thou then sunder,
 what once was the same —
 a part of thyself
 aside from thee put —
 that thy own it seemed to thee always?
 Thou god, forget not so!
 Thy other half
 thou wilt not unhallow,
 shame wilt not wish me,
 in which thou must share;
 thy own fall thou wilt look on,
 if open to laughter I'm found!

WOTAN.

Thou followed'st lightly
 the might of love;
 now follow the man
 whom love thou must!

BRÜNNHILDE.

Shall I be shut from Walhall,
 from share in thy work and thy wisdom,

must I belong
to the mastering man!
A bloodless boaster
let him not be;
no worth may he,
who shall win me, want!

WOTAN.

From Walfather turned the maid;
he may not choose for her more.

BRÜNNHILDE.

Forget not the race thou begot'st,
from its root no coward can come;
the holiest hero — I know it —
from the Wolsung's blood is at hand.

WOTAN.

Name not the Wolsungs anew!
With them I have done
when from thee I withdrew,
and hate has hunted them down.

BRÜNNHILDE.

When I swerved from thy word,
the Wolsungs I saved;
Sieglinde holds
the holiest seed;
in need and woe
to woman unknown,
forth she will bring
what she flees with in fear.

WOTAN.

Hope not at my hand
welfare for her,
nor the fruit that fills her womb!

BRÜNNHILDE.

She has got the sword
that to Siegmund thou gav'st —

WOTAN.

And whose blade, as he swung it, I broke!
Seek not, O maid,
my mind to unsettle!
Abide the lot
to which thou art bound;
no might to bend it is mine!
But forth I must needs
fare from thee now,
too far already I rest.
From her who turned from me
here I must turn;

5

I may know not what
she names in her wish;
her fate alone
I must leave fulfilled.

BRÜNNHILDE.

What seems to thee meet
for me to suffer?

WOTAN.

In steadfast sleep
I seal thee straight;
who finds thee fenceless on high
he wakes and has thee for wife.

BRÜNNHILDE

(falls on her knees).

Ere fettering sleep
fast shall fix me,
for bootless coward
as bounden booty,
a deed behold thou must do me,
the hope of holiest dread, —
the slumberer harbor
with hindering horror,
that none but a free
unfaltering hero
here on the height,
may make me his!

WOTAN.

Too much thou graspest —
too great a meed!

BRÜNNHILDE

(embraces his knees).

The boon thou shalt —
shalt not forbear from!
Or strike at me now
as I strangle thy knee,
thy darling mangle,
to dust with thy maid,
from her body spill
the breath with thy spear;
but not fiercely unfence
her here to a nameless harm!

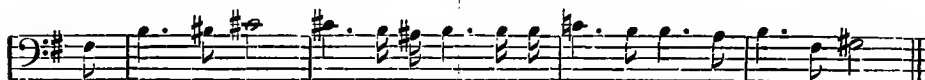
(Wildly.)

O with thy word
a fire awaken,
to redden with towering
terror the rock,
with tongues to lick
and with teeth to tear
the boaster whose road may bring him
in reach of its bellowing rim!

The last number from "Die Walküre" includes *Wotan's Farewell*, and the Magic Fire Scene, which has become so familiar that a detailed description is unnecessary.

WOTAN HERR EMIL SCARIA.

WOTAN'S FAREWELL.



WOTAN.

(Looks with emotion into BRÜNNHILDE's eyes, and lifts her up.)

Farewell, thou choice
unwavering child!
Thou holy pastime
and pride of my heart!
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!
Must I forsake thee,
and may I sweetly
no more give thee my greeting;
must we guide not again
our horses together;
must my cup by another be handed;
after our love
O am I to leave thee,
thou laughing delight of my eyes?
a buoyanter beacon
shall burn for thy bridal
than ever has blazed for a bride!
To fringe the rock
a flame I will raise;
with withering clasp
it shall wait for the coward;
the falterer fly
from Brünnhilde's fence!
To gain her is given but one—
who is freer than I, the god!

BRÜNNHILDE, with emotion and transport, throws herself into his arms.)

On the lighting pair of thy eyes,—
that lay so oft at my lips,
when for flash of coming
fight I kissed them,
when in sounds of childhood
the song that cheered
the heroes swelled from thy heart;
on the steadfast pair of thy eyes,—
that so oft were stars of my storm,
when hope was fierce
in my heart like fire,

when world's-delightwards
my will was lifted
from dread wildering darkness,—
for the last time
here I must lean
in last farewell
of lingering lips!
The happier man
to meet them be hailed!
On the luckless god
they gaze no longer to light him!
For so — goes
the god from thy side;
so weans he thy godhood away.

(He kisses her on both eyes, which immediately shut and remain closed; she sighs softly, as if weary, back into his arms. He carries her and lays her tenderly on a low mound of moss, over which stretches a wide-branched fir. He once more looks at her face, and then shuts fast her helmet; then again his look lingers sadly on her figure, which he at last covers with the long steel shield of the Walkyrie. He then walks with solemn resolution into the middle of the stage, and turns the point of his spear toward a large mass of rock.)

Loge, hear!
Hitherward listen!
As I found thee at first—
in arrowy flame,
as thereafter thou fleddest —
in fluttering fire:
as I dealt with thee once,
I wield thee to-day!

Arise, billowing blaze,
and fold in thy fire the rock!
Loge! Loge! Aloft!

(At the last call he strikes three times with his spear on the stone, whereupon a flame starts out of it, which quickly spreads into a sea of fire, to which WOTAN points out with his spear the rim of the rock for its flow.)

Who fears the spike of my spear to face
he will pierce not the planted fire!

(He disappears in the fire toward the background.)

FOURTH EVENING CONCERT.

TE DEUM. (*"Dettingen."*) HÄNDEL.

ON the 27th of June, 1743, the British army, under the command of King George II, won a victory at Dettingen over the French army, commanded by the Marechal de Noailles and the Duc de Grammont. It was a victory plucked from an expected defeat, and aroused great enthusiasm in England. On the King's return a day of public thanksgiving was appointed, and Händel, who was "Composer of Musick to the Chapel Royal," was commissioned to write a Te Deum and Anthem for that occasion.

The original score, a large folio volume in the Royal Collection, is headed "*angefangen July 17, 1743.*" There is no date at the end, but as the Dettingen Anthem autograph states that it was commenced July 30, it is probable that the Te Deum was finished between the 17th and 30th. Both works were publicly rehearsed at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on the 18th and 25th of the ensuing November, and formed part of the thanksgiving services on the 27th at the Chapel Royal of St. James, in the presence of the King and Royal Family.

The Te Deum has been universally considered as one of the masterpieces among Händel's later works. Had he been a native Englishman he could not have commemorated the victory more enthusiastically. It is not a Te Deum in the strict sense, but a grand martial pæan, and, as Rockstro says: "It needs no great stretch of the imagination to picture every drum and trumpet in the realm taking part in the gorgeous fanfare of its opening chorus, while the whole army, with the King at its head, joins the assembled nation in a shout of praise for the escape which was so unexpectedly changed into a memorable victory."

Burney, the great English critic, and the greatest of musical historians, in his monumental history of music, printed about forty years after this performance, speaks particularly of this Te Deum, and furnishes some interesting information, which we use in place of any other analysis. He says:

"As it was composed for a military triumph, the fourteen trumpets, two pairs of common kettle drums, two pairs of double drums from the Tower, and a pair of double-bass drums made expressly for this commemoration (the Händel Commemoration at Westminster Abbey, May and June, 1784) were introduced with great propriety; indeed, these last drums, except the destruction, had all the effect of the most powerful artillery.

"There is some reason to suspect that Händel, in setting his grand *Te Deum* for the peace of Utrecht, as well as in this, confined the meaning of the word *cry* to a sorrowful sense, as both the movements to the words, 'To thee all angels cry aloud,' are not only in a minor key, but slow and plaintive. It contrasts well, however, with the preceding and subsequent movements. Indeed, the latter glows with all the fire and vehemence of Händel's genius for polyphonic combinations and contrivances. The grave and solemn praise of the 'Apostles, Prophets and Martyrs,' measured by the constant majestic motion of the bass, is well symbolized. 'Thou sittest at the right hand of God,' etc., is expressed in a strain that is remarkably pleasing, and which, in spite of forty years, still retains all the bloom and freshness of novelty; and 'We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood' is admirable in fugue, modulation and counterpoint *à capella*; as is the next movement, to the three verses: 'Make them to be numbered,'—'O Lord, save Thy people,'—and 'Govern them and lift them up forever,' with the additional merit of a happy verbal expression. 'Day by day we magnify Thee' is good, and well accented, though some of the trumpet passages are a little *viellés*. The art of fugue, both in that and the next verse: 'And we worship Thy name ever, world without end,' is treated with Händel's usual cleverness and felicity. As he was sure of a great and varied band when he composed this 'Te Deum,' he has made as judicious a use of the several instruments of his orchestra as a painter could do of the colors of his palette, now exhibiting them in their full luster, singly; then augmenting or diminishing their force, by light and shade, and often by combination with others, making them subservient to different purposes of expression and effect. 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin' is set to a most exquisite strain, in which the modulation is no less surprising, learned and curious than pathetic and pleasing. The last movement: 'O Lord, in Thee have I trusted,' etc., is what the Italians would call *ben tirato*. Indeed, it is an excellent display of Händel's resources in discovering and availing himself of the most latent advantages which every simple as well as artificial subject affords him. The symphony of this chorus, which is chiefly constructed upon a 'ground-bass' beginning by two trumpets that are afterward joined by the other instruments, is stately and interesting, though in the manner of the common minuet. The long solo part, after the symphony, for a contralto voice, with soft and sparing accompaniments, renders the subsequent sudden burst of all the voices and instruments the more striking. And the latter part, in fugue, with an alternate use of the 'ground-bass,' seems to work up this magnificent production by

'Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.'"

SOLOISTS.

MISS EMILY WINANT, MR. THEODORE J. TOEDT AND MR. FRANZ REMMERTZ.

I.

SOLO AND CHORUS (FIVE PARTS).

We praise Thee, O God; we
acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

II.

SOLO AND CHORUS (FIVE PARTS).

All the earth doth worship
Thee, the Father everlasting.

III.

SEMI-CHORUS (THREE PARTS).

To Thee all angels cry
aloud, the Heavens and
all the powers therein.

IV.

CHORUS (FIVE PARTS).

To Thee, Cherubim and Seraphim
continually do cry: Holy,
Holy, Holy, Lord God of
Sabaoth! Heaven and earth
are full of the majesty of
Thy glory.

V.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Thou art the King of Glory,
O Christ. Thou art the
everlasting Son of the Father.

VI.

CHORUS (FIVE PARTS).

When Thou hadst overcome the
sharpness of death, Thou
didst open the Kingdom of
Heaven to all believers.

VII.

TRIO.

Thou sittest at the right
hand of God in the glory of
the Father. We believe
that Thou shalt come to
be our judge.

VIII.

CHORUS (FIVE PARTS).

Day by day we magnify
Thee. And we worship
Thy name ever, world
without end.

IX.

SOLO.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep
us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon
us. O Lord, let Thy mercy
lighten upon us, as our
trust is in Thee.

X.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

O Lord, in Thee have I
trusted. Let me never be
confounded.

SYMPHONY IN C, No. 9 SCHUBERT.

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Andante: Allegro ma non Troppo.</i> | 3. <i>Scherzo: Allegro Vivace.</i> |
| 2. <i>Andante con Moto.</i> | 4. <i>Finale: Allegro Vivace.</i> |

THE symphony in C, or the ninth, as it is called, although we know from Schubert's memoranda that it was his tenth (but the MS. of its predecessor has disappeared), is the last great work of that prolific composer. Schubert's musical nature was akin to Mozart's, and the flow and spontaneity of his musical ideas seem to have been limited only by the physical difficulty of putting them on paper. As Schumann said: "He would have written music to a play-bill." The list of poems alone which he set to music numbers 634. The truly "endless melody" was forever passing through his mind, and whenever possible was put on paper for better or for worse to the delight of future generations, or to swell the list of lost manuscripts and waste paper. His early training had inured him to such habits of precision and neatness in writing that he would pen his musical thoughts with almost absolute accuracy, and seldom deign to make any changes. It is therefore all the more noticeable that the score of the above symphony contains so many corrections. The Scherzo has even a most unique phrase of sixteen bars, which was evidently an afterthought, and is crowded into the manuscript between the original lines.


The symphony was composed in March, 1828. Schubert died on the 19th of November of the same year. Did he have any forebodings of his approaching death, and did he want to leave us his best effort, or had he but just reached that stage where reflection claimed some right in his musical creation? We know it not. The most lovable, and all in all the most beloved of composers, was to meet the fate of his great prototype, Mozart, for those whom the gods love die young.

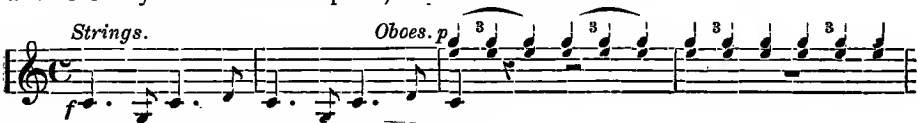
Schumann tells us during his first stay in Vienna in 1838 or 1839, after a visit to the church yard where Beethoven and Schubert lay almost side by side, how he visited Ferdinand Schubert, brother of the composer, and was shown the rich store of manuscripts in his possession. Among them he found the symphony in C, and at a glance recognized the treasure. He obtained permission to send it to Mendelssohn, who was at that time director of the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, and it at once received a loving and enthusiastic performance and a no less enthusiastic reception.

Schubert's residence in Hungary, at the country seat of Count Esterhazy, has left a certain impress on many of his works, and if we consider in how choice a manner he reproduced the spirit of Hungarian music in his "Diversissement pour piano à quatre mains," we shall certainly find an undercurrent of the same feeling in his symphony, and more especially in the Andante. Its great length is at times argued against it, but the story is told in such a straightforward way as to keep up the interest throughout. We willingly follow the composer from measure to measure, reveling in his romantic tenderness and again rushing along with him in his mad delight.

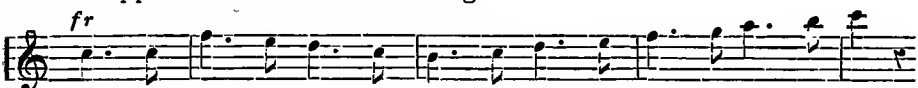
The first movement opens with an introductory Andante and commences with a beautiful melody for the horns, which has a flavor of the "Oberon" fairy music,



which is worked up at some length until a start is made pianissimo, and a grand crescendo, enlivened by a triplet figure, , leads into the Allegro ma non Troppo, the strings giving out the rhythmical theme of the whole movement, answered by the wind in triplets, viz.:



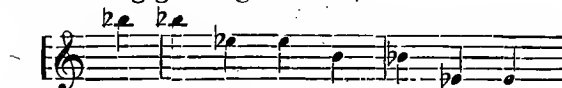
This is supplemented with the following:



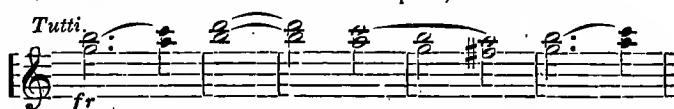
after which comes the second theme (in E minor),



which, with the following growing out of it,



and a broader theme at the end of the first part,



furnish the material for the first movement, the whole closing in rather accelerated tempo, the triplet figure of the first theme becoming more predominant.

The Andante con Moto opens with a short prelude for the strings, in which the bass soliloquizes in this manner:



Piano sempre staccato.

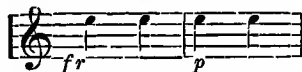
after which the Oboe takes up the principal melody:



Note the four notes on E, here introduced so unobtrusively as a cadence, but which haunted Schubert throughout the rest of the work, and to which we shall have occasion to refer again. The melody has an antistrophe in,



which is cut short by a tutti, which over and over breaks into the maze of the melody, and also closes here with



The working up of the Andante is like tracery of the finest workmanship, interwoven with many beautiful thoughts and orchestral effects, such as the pulsating responses between the horns and wood instruments during eight measures. We quote one more phrase, which will easily be recognized, and which recurs several times:



The Scherzo starts with a unisono for strings,



with the following response:



But although in 3-4 time, those four *beats* to which we have drawn attention make themselves felt several times:



The trio has a broad melody, and is rich in orchestral effects.

The Finale, Allegro Vivace in C, crowns this extraordinary work with a true climax. The impetuosity, the mad sweep of the theme,



has something between a hunting scene and a t arantella, but those four beats, which now assume the proportion of steam hammers and interrupt continually the most lovely melodies, form the most striking part of the movement.



It closes with a crescendo spreading over 164 measures before coming to a final rest on the tonic. It is long if counted by measures, but is sufficiently exciting to make us forget all about time.

A. W. D.

SIEGFRIED—*Finale, Act III.* WAGNER.

THE selection from "Siegfried" for this number is the great duet for *Brünnhilde* and *Siegfried* at the close of the third act, described as *Siegfried's* wooing. In the first two acts he forges the sword with which he slays the dragon. Having tasted of the creature's blood, he is enabled to understand the language of the birds, who tell him of *Brünnhilde* slumbering on the fire-encircled rock. They guide him to the spot. He passes through the flames and beholds *Brünnhilde* sleeping beneath her shield. Removing it, he is struck with the beauty of the first woman he has ever seen, and ardently kisses her. She opens her eyes in amazement, and both remain gazing at each other for a long time, and then the following passionate interview occurs:

BRÜNNHILDE FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.
SIEGFRIED HERMANN WINKELMANN.

BRÜNNHILDE

(slowly and solemnly rising to a sitting posture).

Sun, I hail thee!

Hail thee, light!

Hail thee, slumberless day!

Deep was my sleep;
its dreams are done;
warn me what hero
wakens me here.

SIEGFRIED

(solemnly struck by her look and voice).

I have found the fire
of thy flaming height;
I unfastened thy holding helm.
Siegfried was it
who woke thee so.

BRÜNNHILDE

(sitting fully up).

Gods, I hail you!
Hail thee, world!
Hail thee, earth in thy heaven!
At last my slumber swerves;
my sight leads me;
Siegfried is it,
who ends my sleep!

SIEGFRIED

(in loftiest transport).

The mother hail,
who made me a man;

earth, who fed
and fostered me on,
till here I lit on the look
that laughs my heart from its harm!

BRÜNNHILDE

(with greatest emotion).

The mother hail,
who made thee a man;
earth, who fed
and fostered thee on;
for thy look only I lay,
to other would not awake!—
O Siegfried! Happy
hero to see!
Thou lifter of life!
Thou mastering light!
O wealth of the world, behold
how I have loved thee long!
Thou wert my sorrow,
and song as well!
I gave thee
unbegotten my guard,
unborn—in its shelter
bound thee my shield;
such was my love for thee, Siegfried!

SIEGFRIED

(softly and shyly).

So slept my mother merely?
Left a little her son?

BRÜNNHILDE

(smiling).

Thou capturing child!
 Thou wilt come no more on thy mother,—
 Thyself am I,
 soon as thy love thou hast owned.
 What thou not knowest
 know I for thee;
 and light is lent me,
 because only I love thee.—
 O Siegfried! Siegfried!
 Wakening sun!
 I loved thee always;
 for I alone
 of Wotan's aim was a witness;
 that I dared not to know
 by the name he dealt it;
 that I might not fathom
 and merely could feel it;
 for which I faced
 warfare and work;
 for which I thwarted
 him who had thought it;
 for which I suffered
 shackles of sleep,
 when I failed to think it
 and only felt;
 since to me wholly—
 so must thou see it!—
 like love for thee, Siegfried, it looked!

SIEGFRIED.

A wonder sounds
 its word in thy song;
 but dark I deem it of sense.
 Below thy lids
 I behold the light;
 with the wind thy breath
 has blown, I am warm;
 that thy tongue is sweet
 of sound I can tell;
 but what thou say'st in thy song
 hides from my wildered heed.

The farness but dimly
 dawns in my fancy,
 while all my senses
 can see and seize on thee only.
 The claspings dread
 clings like a dream;
 no fear I felt
 till I came to thy face.

Unfix my manhood
 from weight of thy fetters,
 give it to freedom again!

BRÜNNHILDE

(keeping him gently off, and turning her look toward the wood).

At hand is Grane,
 my happy horse;
 how sweetly he browses
 who by me slept,
 for Siegfried awoke him as well.

SIEGFRIED.

My look on thy lips
 its hunger has lightened;
 with fathomless thirst
 my mouth is on fire,
 till the food of my eyes shall have fed it.

BRÜNNHILDE

(pointing with her hand).

—And here is my shield,
 that sheltered heroes;
 the helm that held
 in its midst my head;
 it helps and hides me no more!

SIEGFRIED.

I was harmed by a happy
 maid to the heart;
 hurts from a woman
 heaped on my head;—
 I shared not in helm or shield.

BRÜNNHILDE

(with increased sadness).

Now meets me the streaming
 steel of my mail;
 a shearing sword
 sundered its seams;
 from the limbs of the maid
 it is loosened and lost;—
 to the last I am stripped of my strength
 and am left a woman of woe!

SIEGFRIED.

Through towering fire
 I trod to thy face;
 my bosom of harboring
 harness was bare;
 deeply my breast
 is drenched with the blazes;
 to flowering flame
 my blood have they flushed;
 it bites with withering
 wounds in my body;
 the heat that branded
 Brünnhilde's height
 has burnt me here to the bone!—

Thou woman, slacken its surge!
Weaken its maddening might!

(He impetuously embraces her; she leaps up, holds him off with the strength of extremest dread, and flies to the other side.)

BRÜNNHILDE.

No god's grasp have I met;
the heroes meetly
hailed me as maiden;
holy went I from Walhall!

Woe! Woe!

Woe for the sheer,
unwavering shame!
Who wakes the maid
he wounds her as well!
He has broken harness and helm;
Brünnhild' no further is found

SIEGFRIED.

Unmoved I deem
the maid from her dreams;
Brünnhilde's sleep
soundly abides.
A woman awaken to be!

BRÜNNHILDE.

My senses unsettle!
My knowledge sinks;
waned from me now my wisdom?

SIEGFRIED.

What made thee sing
thy wisdom meant
the light of thy love for me?

BRÜNNHILDE.

Drearly loses
my look the day;
my sight is listless,
no light I see;
deep is the night;
a snake from the dark
dreadly is sent
to seethe and surge!
Horror hisses
and hurls up its head!
(She vehemently covers her eyes with her hands.)

SIEGFRIED.

(Softly loosens her hands from her eyes.)

Night befalls
the eyes that are fastened;
with the fetters, dwindles
the fitful dread;
dawn from thy darkness and see
broad is the blaze of the sun!

BRÜNNHILDE

(in greatest distress).

Sun that swells
high for the sight of my harm!—
O Siegfried! Siegfried!

Hear me beseech!

Always was I,
always would he
haunted with hope's
hungering sweetness
and alway to save thy ill!
O Siegfried! Lightener!

World's delight!

Life of the earth
and laughing lord!
Leave, ah, leave,
leave me unlost!
Force on me not
thy fiery nearness!

Shiver me not
with thy shattering will,
and lay me not waste in my love!—
Struck thee thy face
in the staying stream?
Stirred thee not sweetly the sight?

Once, if thou startle
the water to waves,
the floor of the flood
is broken and fled;
thy face falters and fades
in the blinding beat of its breast.
So leave it unwronged,
wreck not my rest;

let thyself—

seen in me so—
a glad and gladdening hero
hail thee on without end!—
O Siegfried! Siegfried!

Lightening lad!

Love—thyself,
and loose from my side;
O end not what is thy own!

SIEGFRIED.

I—love thee;
O love me no less!
No more am I mine;
be given to me!—
A freshening water
fills and flows;
with soul and senses
all that I see
is the bounding, bountiful billow.
What if my likeness
is lost in the whirl?

Myself in the flood
 I fling like a fire!
 I spring from my spot!
 I startle the stream!
 O beat me with billows!
 O swallow me sweetly!
 My want shall sink in thy waves!—

Awaken, Brünnhilde!
 Waken, thou maid!
 Live to me! Laugh to me,
 sweetest delight!
 Be mine! be mine! be mine!

BRÜNNHILDE.

O Siegfried, when
 was I not so?

SIEGFRIED.

Such as thou hast been
 be to me here!

BRÜNNHILDE.

Thine only
 I always will be!

SIEGFRIED.

All that thou wilt be
 show me at once!
 When I have felt
 and folded thee fast;
 beaten my heart
 home at thy bosom;
 blazed in thy glance
 and gathered thy breath—
 eye on eye
 mouth on mouth—
 then mine thou art,
 as always thou wilt be and wast!
 But doubt is undaunted and deep,
 till Brünnhilde burns like a bride!

(He has embraced her.)

BRÜNNHILDE.

Till Brünnhild' burns?—
 Gone is my godly
 rest and forgotten;
 my faltering star
 thunders with fire;
 wisdom is caught
 and whirled in a wind;
 love with his laughter
 strikes it like storm!—
 Till Brünnhild' burns?
 O Siegfried! Siegfried!
 Where is thy sight?
 With the blaze of my eyes
 why art thou not blind?

Where my arm is set,
 unseared is thy side?
 Where my blood in its storm to thee
 boundlessly streams,
 the wasting fire
 wilt thou not feel?
 Fairest thou fully,
 Siegfried, to fear,
 the mad, mastering maid.

SIEGFRIED.

Ha!—

Now our hearts are hot
 on each other; now our
 looks with answer are
 lighted; now our arms
 are hurt as they hold us—
 meets me again
 my manful mood,
 and the fear, alas!
 I had failed to learn—
 the fear thou had'st half
 helped me to feel—
 I find—like a fool—

I again have fully forgotten!

(With the last words he involuntarily lets BRÜNNHILDE go.)

BRÜNNHILDE

(wildly laughing aloud in highest exultation of love).

O lordliest boy!
 O lad without better!
 Of highest deeds
 thou heedless haunt!
 Laughter leads me to love thee;
 laughter leads me to blindness;
 laughter we both will be lost in—
 laughter shall fill our fall!

Away, Walhall's
 lightening world!
 In dust with thy teeming
 towers be down!
 Farewell, greatness
 and gift of gods!
 End in bliss,
 thou unwithering brood!

You Norns, unravel
 the rope of runes!

Darken upwards,
 dusk of the gods!

Night of annulment,
 near in thy cloud!—
 I stand in sight
 of Siegfried's star;
 for me he was
 and for me he will be,

own and always,
one and all;
lighting love
and laughing death!

SIEGFRIED
(with BRÜNNHILDE).

Laughter awakes
the woman to me;
Brünnhilde lives!
Brünnhilde laughs!—

Hail the sun,
that sees us here!

Hail the day
we behold in heaven!

Hail the blaze,
that of night is born!

Hail the world,
when Brünnhilde awakes!
She wakes! She lives!
She lures me with laughter!
Broadly strikes me
Brünnhilde's star!
For me she was
and for me she will be
own and always,
one and all;
lighting love
and laughing death!

(BRÜNNHILDE throws herself into SIEGFRIED's arms.)

(The curtain falls.)

SECOND AFTERNOON CONCERT.

OVERTURE, "*Jubilee*" WEBER.

ORCHESTRA.

THE "Jubilee" Overture was written for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of King Frederick Augustus, of Saxony, September 20, 1818, as the overture to the "Jubilee Cantata." It consists of three distinct movements, an opening Adagio, a brilliant Presto Assai, and an Andante at the close, "God Save the King." In popularity, as well as in merit, it holds an equal rank with Weber's three great overtures, the "Freischuetz," "Euryanthe" and "Oberon." It peculiarly illustrates the composer's artistic qualities—his fire, rhythm and skill in melodic contrasts.

CHILDREN'S CHORUSES.

THE chorus of children, numbering nearly a thousand voices, has been under Mr. Tomlins' training during the past year, though a considerable number have had the benefit of his method but two terms. They were not selected to sing at this Festival. Their appearance is only an incident in their educational progress. They have no elaborate music to show, and there has been no attempt yet to develop them. They are still in the educational stages of vocal culture, but the results will show what may be made by the skillful teacher out of crude material, and what success will be attained when they have reached the complete development of the voice.

ARIA "*In diesen heiligen Hallen*" ("Magic Flute") MOZART.

HERR EMIL SCARIA.

In these sacred halls
Vengeance is unknown.
And if a man has fallen
Love guideth him to duty.
Then led by a friendly hand
He goes content to a better land.

In these sacred walls,
Where man his brother loves,
No traitor lies in wait,
Since we forgive our foes.
Whom such doctrines do not move
Deserveth not to be a man.

SCOTCH RHAPSODY, "*Burns*" MACKENZIE.

ORCHESTRA.

THE name of Alexander Campbell Mackenzie is a comparatively new one to American programmes. He is the son of an Edinburgh musician, and was sent to Germany, at the early age of ten, to study music at Schwarzburg-Sondershausen with Ulrich Stein. He entered the ducal orchestra as a violinist when fourteen years of age, and remained in Germany until 1862, when he went to London to study the violin with M. Saindon, and, in the same year, was elected King's Scholar of the Royal Academy of Music. In 1865 he went to Edinburgh, and has since remained there, devoting himself to composition. His principal works are "*Cervantes*," an overture for orchestra; a scherzo for orchestra; "*Overture to a Comedy*"; a string quintet, and many piano pieces, as well as songs.

SONG, "*Ave Maria*" BACH-GOUNOD.

MISS EMMA JUCH.

Ave Maria, mighty yet lowly,
Pure and most holy,
Hear from thy starry throne our prayer.
Though faithless friends may grieve us,
Wealth and fortune leave us,
Grant to our grief and to our pain

Thy tender care.
Sancta Maria,
When we are tearful,
When we are fearful,
Give us thine aid of prayer.

CHILDREN'S CHORUSES.

VARIATIONS (Thème by Haydn, "*Chorale St. Antoine*") . . . BRAHMS.

ORCHESTRA.

THE variations upon the old Haydn "*Chorale*," by Brahms, are signal illustrations of this composer's musical scholarship. Many musicians and critics do not hesitate to pronounce them the most learned and ingenious that have ever been written. To hear them interpreted by so large an orchestra will be a rare event.

ARIA FROM "*IPHIGENIE IN TAURIS*" GLUCK.

HERR HERMANN WINKELMANN.

RECITATIVE.

What a grief are these words to him that loves thee dearly! Art thou a man? We ought to die a worthy death. Cease from reviling, in thy madness, those that dwell in the heavens, and thy friend and thyself.

If now we both must die upon this altar, why should fear for thy comrade make thy cheek so pale? Is thy friend's fate to be lamented, if with thee his lot be to die?

ARIA.

Thy faithful friend not a longing
Has apart from thee ever known.
With what joy he the stroke will welcome,
That stroke that makes us one.
Then let us both, our fate defying,
Follow whom that fate will call;
Let us now united fall,
One in death to be lying.

MINUET AND FINALE, from string quartet, No. 9, in C . . . BEETHOVEN.

ORCHESTRA.

THIS admirable arrangement of the "Minuet and Finale," from the Beethoven Quartet, made for string orchestra by Mr. Thomas, is already familiar to the public by previous performance. Its beauty and stateliness, however, will be more clearly revealed, and its effects immeasurably enhanced by the immense amplification of the strings in the great Festival orchestra.

ARIA, "*Bethörte die an meine Liebe glaubt*" ("Euryanthe") . . . WEBER.

FRAU AMALIA FRIEDRICH-MATERNA.

Deceived one! who in my feigned love believed,
Thou art ensnared, ne'er canst thou escape!
By careful search may triumph be achieved.
In Emma's vault the secret token lies.

Perchance my Adolar in penitence may fall
upon my breast.

O how the thought doth fill my heart with
rapture!

To blissful ecstasy it would enchant me.
Fain would I die, if he would only grant me
The joy of one fond moment's love.
For that I would in Hades languish,

For one fond moment's love to calm my grief.
Away, hope's mad illusion, thou art vain;
Awaken not my heart to further anguish,
I know my life is one of pain!
He dared for her my love despise!
Shall now he dare to scorn me?
Shall death soon end my bitter sighs,
While youthful charms adorn me?
He coldly heard my tender sighs;
My heart is torn, by torment lashed,
Ah, so shall his hopes to earth be dashed!

SYMPHONIC POEM, "*Tasso*" LISZT.

ORCHESTRA.

AMONG the twelve symphonic poems by Liszt, the "Tasso" ("Lament and Triumph") is one of the strongest illustrations of the extent to which programme music can be carried. The theme of itself is highly dramatic and poetical, and is treated with the closest regard to the general incidents in the career of the poet. It is one of the most original of all of Liszt's orchestral compositions, and illustrates, perhaps, as clearly as any, his mastery of orchestral effects. It is one of the most elevated subjects treated of in the whole series, and is equally great from the pictorial, the poetical and the musical point of view. It has been so frequently played by the Thomas orchestra, and is so familiar to the public that a musical analysis of it is unnecessary.

FIFTH EVENING CONCERT.

THE REDEMPTION (A Sacred Trilogy), GOUNOD.

“THE work of my life” is inscribed by Charles Gounod on the title page of his latest great creation, “The Redemption, a sacred trilogy.” To those who know more of Gounod than that he composed “Faust,” one of the most popular operas of the present time, and other operatic works, it is not surprising that the composer announced a sacred composition as the work of his life, while for all others a look at the influences which controlled Gounod’s development will make the “Redemption” more intelligible and enjoyable.

Charles Francois Gounod was born June 17, 1818, at Paris. He showed great talent for music and was admitted at a very early age to the Paris Conservatory of Music. When only eighteen years old he was awarded the second prize, and two years later gained the first in composition, called the Roman prize. Under the terms of this prize he had to continue his studies in Rome and there it was that his religious inclinations became strongly developed, and made him one of the most earnest students of classical church music. For more than ten years, up to 1850, Gounod devoted himself exclusively to religious art and made no secret of his intention to renounce all worldliness and take holy orders. During this period, part of which he spent as musical director of the Church of Foreign Missions in Paris, Gounod composed a number of masses, cantatas, anthems, etc., closely following in his style that of the German romantic school, but it was not until 1849 that he attracted general attention by a great Mass, which was produced in Paris at the Church of St. Eustace, and later, together with others of his works, in London. Two years later he created a sensation by leaving the field of religious composition and began his successful career as an opera composer. The famous singer, Viardot Garcia, can probably claim the credit of having turned Gounod’s attention from the church to the stage, and of having prevented his burying himself in some convent. For the present purpose it is not necessary to follow Gounod’s development as an opera composer from step to step. Suffice it to say that idealism never ceased to form the most prominent characteristic of his works, and that he has been most successful in the treatment of grand and noble subjects, involving the mysteries of life. It must also be mentioned that Gounod has continued at all times the study of sacred music, and has familiarized

himself, more than almost any other living composer, with Bach as well as Palestrina, with Händel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, while at the same time yielding largely to the influence of Berlioz and Wagner.

According to Gounod's own statement, he conceived the idea of "The Redemption" as early as 1867, during a stay in Rome, where he wrote the entire text, a poem of some considerable value aside from its relation to music. He spent over twelve years in completing the musical score. His aim was to represent, in a condensed and impressive form, the fundamental facts of the Christian Church; namely, the Passion and the Death of the Saviour; His life on earth from the Resurrection to the Ascension; and, lastly, the mission given to the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. In order to furnish this trilogy a beginning which at once creates interest in the hearer and develops the motive of the earlier work, it is preceded by a prologue which gives a short description of the creation of the world, the creation of man, the latter's temptation and fall, and demonstrates the necessity of a Divine Mediator.

The form of the entire work has but little in common with the oratorios of the old style. The text and music are closely blended, and the dramatic progress, or the development of the story, is at no time interrupted or delayed by mere musical ornamentation. The recitatives, which are all in rhyme—at least in the French original—have been divided between basso and tenor, the former generally announcing doubts and sin, while the latter has the office of introducing hope and divine promise. The words spoken by Jesus are sung by a baritone; besides these are a number of other short solo parts in all registers.

The prologue opens with a strong orchestral picture of the chaos preceding the creation. Then the tenor narrator tells of the perfection of man as originally created, and the basso narrator follows with the tale of man's temptation and fall, and of the divine anger. This is followed by the leading motive, typical of the blending of God and man in the person of the Redeemer, which leads to the first chorus, the celestial choir chanting the promise of redemption. The closing movement of the prologue intends to show the mystery of the incarnation.

The first part of the Trilogy opens with a dramatic narration of Christ's sufferings before entering on the way to Calvary, followed by what might be aptly termed a dramatic symphonic poem, the March to Calvary. This number gives a vivid musical picture of the scenes and incidents enacted on the Saviour's way to the cross. The crucifixion itself is depicted, the leading motive of the prologue coming into prominence in the prayers and utterances of the Saviour. Mary at the cross forms the subject of a separate scene whose music is skillfully built up on the "Stabat Mater" of the Catholic liturgy.

Again the promise of the redemption, as the leading musical motive, becomes prominent in a short scene, for which the two thieves, between whom the Saviour was crucified, furnish the subject, and then comes the Saviour's death itself, the climax in a musical and dramatic sense of this portion of the

Trilogy, which closes with the confession of the divinity of Jesus by the centurion, leading into a magnificent chorale.

The second part of the Trilogy, the Resurrection and Ascension, begins with a musical conception of the resurrection, followed by a chorus which treats the same idea as the "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then the events of Easter morning are told by the narrators, and illustrated by strong orchestral and chorus numbers. The visit of the holy women at the sepulcher, the appearance to them of Jesus, the spread of the news of the resurrection, the attempts of the Pharisees to explain away the miraculous event, and the announcement of the latter to the Apostles, are depicted in quick succession. This leads to the climax, the ascension itself. In this powerful number the leading motive, or, as Gounod calls it, the typical melody, is made the basis of what is probably the strongest portion of the work. It is intensely dramatic, and employs all the resources of orchestra and chorus.

The third part of the Trilogy is somewhat mystical in character. It tells the story of the descent of the Holy Ghost, after an introduction containing the message of peace, and the promise of an earthly Paradise. The story is forcibly told and richly illustrated, and closes with the command from Heaven, to the Apostles, to preach the new Gospel to the world. Then comes the finale of the work, entitled the Hymn of the Apostles, which is intended to give a summary of the Christian faith. It is very elaborate, and its chorus numbers are more intricate than those of any other part of the work. It closes with a most powerful coda, the glorification of the Trinity, in which all the principal themes are blended together into a musical picture of rare beauty and effect.

"The Redemption" was written for the Birmingham Festival in 1882, and has since been performed in France and Germany, and also in the United States. It has met with plenty of adverse criticism, but that is probably due as much to the new departure in sacred music Gounod has undertaken in his work, as to any real defects. That it is the result of inspiration, and the expression of sincere conviction, even the most prejudiced cannot deny, and if the composer's dramatic instincts have frequently led him to treat his subject with less solemnity than with a desire to be understood, the total effect of the work has only gained, because these departures from the conventional style dot the dark and solemn background of the sacred tragedy with the brightness of stars in the midnight sky.

THEODORE GESTEFELD.

SOLOISTS.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON.
MISS EMMA JUCH.
MISS EMILY WINANT.

MR. THEODORE J. TOEDT.
MR. MAX HEINRICH.
MR. FRANZ REMMERTZ.

PROLOGUE.—THE CREATION.

ORCHESTRA.

THE FALL.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

O Lord, when Thou didst rest from the work
of creation,

Thou' didst call very good the things which
Thou hadst made:

Of the works of Thy hands, by Thy predesti-
nation,

Was the father of men appointed to be head;
And he, placed in a land of abundance and
beauty,

Lived a pure happy life, under guidance of
Duty;

And at length, of decay and of death knowing
nought,

While in slumber infolded, would have been
heavenward caught.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

But since he, in revolt, blindly refused to
hearken

To Thy divine command, that which Thou
wouldst have done,

The deep shadow of death did his life newly
darken,

As the shadow of sin on our faith has been
thrown;

And to man heaven was closed. Not by blood
flowing often

Could mankind ever hope the Lord's anger to
soften.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

But of the spotless Lamb whom Thy love doth
provide,

All the types incomplete shall be now set aside:
Thou by Thyself, O God, wilt accomplish this
wonder,

So filling up the gulf which earth and heaven
doth sunder:

In our flesh One will come, to be born and to
die.

To prevail over death, exalting man on high.

Thy blessed Son hath said:

CHORUS.—[CELESTIAL CHOIR.]

The earth is my possession:

I leave my heavenly home

To atone for transgression:

O My Father, lo, I come!

PART I.

NO. I.—CALVARY.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

Then is Jesus condemned; and they bind
Him, and they mock Him, on the head do they
smite Him, in His face even spitting; the
blood is also gushing out beneath the scourge.
Then, when His tormentors ended their insult,
He said, upon them casting a look sad and
sweet:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

If My deeds have been evil, bear ye witness
against Me; if indeed I am guiltless, then
wherefore smite ye Me?

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

When the hour was at hand, the Lord with
resignation

Went forth up to the mount, as a sinner to
die.

For us gave He Himself as a willing oblation,
That in His holy blood, man, by a new crea-
tion,

Might again be invested with grace from on
high,

And at last might attain to eternal salvation.

MARCH TO CALVARY.

[ORCHESTRA, SOLI, AND CHORUS.]

Forth the royal banners go,

Before our eyes appearing;

The Cross, in mystic glow,

Is power and love declaring:

To make us free doth One its bondage know;

As Man the Lord Himself the weight of sin is
bearing.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

And while Jesus went up the mount, and
bore His Cross, there followed after women,
who wept and bewailed Him.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Alas! they go then to put Him to death; it must be the Just One will perish. Behold, how He has fallen, a second time has fallen!

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

And the Lord heard their words, and, turning to them, spake thus:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

Ye daughters of Israel, weep ye not for Me, but weep ye for yourselves, and weep ye for your children. Jerusalem is faithless found.

CHORUS.

Forth the royal banners go,
Before our eyes appearing;
The Cross, in mystic glow,
Is power and love declaring:
To make us free doth One its bondage know;
As Man, the Lord Himself the weight of sin is bearing.

NO. 2.—THE CRUCIFIXION.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

Behold, when they are come to the place appointed, they extend on the Cross the Saviour's sacred limbs. He, though His eyes are dim with more than mortal anguish, yet turns on them a gaze full of divine compassion. From His feet, from His hands, that are torn by the nails, the blood drops on the ground.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

Then with words they blaspheme Him, with looks do they deride, unrestrained is their fierceness. The passers by come near to behold what is done.

CHORUS.—[THE PASSERS BY.]

Ha! Thou that dost declare Thou destroyest the temple, Thou that canst in three days build it again, hast Thou not power to save Thyself? Canst Thou not now come down? Save Thyself! Son of God, come Thou down from the Cross.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

The priests, hearing the cries, with mocking voices said:

CHORUS.—[THE PRIESTS.]

Can He not save Himself, He, the Saviour of others? See Him there! None to help, not a friend, no disciples. Is He King of the

Jews? Let Him show it to-day. If He be the Son of God, let His Father give ear, and release Him. Behold, let Him now come down from the Cross, and at once we believe on Him.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

And the Lord, in His love for mankind never failing,

On behalf of His slayers for pardon implores:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

Pardon their sin, My Father, for they do not know what they do.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

O My vineyard, come tell Me why thy grapes are bitter. What have I done, my people? Wherein hast thou been wronged? Did I not bring thee out from the land of the stranger? Made I thee not to pass through the depths of the sea? Sent I not food from heaven, and gave meat in abundance? Did manna ever cease till thou camest to Canaan? Reply, unthankful race! And thou, for all this love, preparest Me the Cross whereupon I shall die.

NO. 3.—MARY AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

And Jesus then, as down on the ground He was looking, saw at the foot of the Cross the disciple whom He loved; the same that on His breast at supper had reclined. Near unto him He saw His Virgin Mother. On her bent He an eye full of tender regard; and, showing filial love unto her who had borne Him, He said:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

"Woman, behold thy son!"

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

Then, speaking unto John, He said:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

"Behold thy mother!"

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

And the disciple took her that day to his home; her, as the sacred trust of an eternal love.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Beside the Cross remaining,
A face the Mother wears
Unresisting, uncomplaining,
And yet the grief she bears
Her heart in sunder tears.

Though He claim adoration,
On the Cross Jesus hangs;
Her soul, past consolation,
Knowing but lamentation,
Has a share in His pangs.

SOLO.—[MARY.]

While my watch I am keeping,
Ye that go by, sinners,
Gaze at the Mother weeping,
Torn by anguish unsleeping:
Ask if any one bears
Any grief like to hers.

CHORAL.

While her watch she is keeping,
Ye that go by, sinners,
Gaze at the Mother weeping,
Torn by anguish unsleeping:
Ask if any one bears
Any grief like to hers.

NO. 4.—THE TWO THIEVES.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

While the crowd at their feet was gathering
to view, from one of the thieves did railing
proceed, and to Jesus he said, crying out, and
blaspheming:

SOLO.—[THE IMPENITENT THIEF (BASS).]

Thou canst not be the Christ, else wouldst
Thou save us all; first Thyself, us then like-
wise.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

The other replied:

SOLO.—[THE PENITENT THIEF (TENOR).]

Ah! and fearest thou not, inasmuch as thou
art in the same condemnation? For that
which we have done a due reward we suffer.
As for Him who hangs here with us, wherein
hath He offended, what hath He done amiss?

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

Then he turned toward Jesus a look as of
hope, and said:

SOLO.—[THE PENITENT THIEF (TENOR).]

O Lord, wilt Thou remember me when Thou
comest in Thy Kingdom?

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

And the Lord was touched by the faith in
pardon which he showed, and, turning to him,
spake thus:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

In very truth say I to thee, to-day shalt thou
be with Me in Paradise.

CHORAL.

Lord Jesus, Thou to all bringest light and
salvation.

The man that trusts in Thee over Death will
prevail;

And, though he die, in Thee will find his
restoration.

O Saviour true, O mighty God, Thy Name we
hail.

NO. 5.—THE DEATH OF JESUS.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

Now from the sixth hour until the ninth
hour the light of the sun was obscured, and
darkness, as of night, came over all the land,
from sight all things concealing.

THE DARKNESS.

ORCHESTRA.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

And about the ninth hour Jesus, in bitter
anguish, with a loud voice cried out, as if in
face of death, invoking the unchangeable love
of His Father:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken
Me?

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

When, at the last, the shadow of death was
descending, raising His eyes to Heaven, with
a loud voice He cried:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

My Father, into Thy hands I commend My
spirit.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

Then gave He up the ghost, and all came
to an end.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

RECIT.—[THE NARRATORS.]

And then the air was filled with a murmur
unwonted, as if Nature herself for her Lord
were lamenting; and the veil of the Temple
was rent in twain throughout, and the rocks
were rent, and the earth did quake, and the
tombs were unclosed; and many of the saints

that had fallen asleep rose again with their bodies; and they, after His resurrection coming forth, to the city returned, and by many were seen.

No. 6.—THE CENTURION.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

And when the Centurion, and they that were with him, saw the earthquake, and all the things that were done, they were amazed and afraid; and, glorifying God, they said, This man then was in truth the Son of God.

CHORAL.

For us the Christ is made a victim availing,

Yea, unto death, and the death of the Cross;
In vain our ancient foe will mankind be assailing.

To Him who now has died shall be triumph unfailing.

O Death, thou art discrowned, thou gainest only loss.

Faith unswerving, holy Hope, that unconquered remaineth,

Heavenly Love, ever young; for them thanks do we raise:

Thou, by whose Death and Passion man unto Heaven attaineth.

O Christ, Thee we adore and unto Thee give praise

PART II.

No. 1.—FROM THE RESURRECTION TO THE ASCENSION.

CHORUS.—[PROPHETIC CHOIR.]

Saviour of men, we know that because Thou art living

We live; Thou to the dead resurrection art giving:

Yea, all them that are sleeping from the grave Thou wilt bring,

So that, to life restored, we shall see Thou art glorious,

When Death, over whom this day Thou art victorious,

Has fled before the Lord and King.

No. 2.—THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHER.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

Now when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James,

and Salome, came bringing spices wherewith to anoint Him; and they came to the tomb of the Master whom they loved. Day was dawning, as on their lonely way they were going, their hearts full of the thought of their sweet ministration. They as they went said to themselves:

TRIO.—[THE HOLY WOMEN.]

How shall we by ourselves have strength to roll away the stone from the tomb? Is there no one who will aid us? Who will look on our distress?

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

The newly risen sun with his life-giving rays the hill of Calvary was gilding, ere these devoted women had arrived at the tomb. To the threshold at once they directed their eyes, and they saw the stone rolled away from the entrance to the tomb. Behold, one that in face was like unto lightning, and was arrayed in dazzling apparel, stood at their side, as they thought thereupon. When the Angel appeared, the women were affrighted. Then said the Angel to them:

SOLO.—[THE ANGEL.]

Why seek ye the living among the dead? Are the words of the Lord now no longer remembered? But let your hearts be glad, and full of comfort. Ye are seeking the Lord, but He is risen again; behold the very place where His body was laid. His sacred limbs themselves have these grave-clothes been swathing. But depart, and tell His disciples He goeth into Galilee, according as He said; there shall ye see Him again.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

Bright with pure heavenly beauty did the face of the Angel at the moment appear. At the words they had heard, filled with sacred awe, the women went on their way.

No. 3.—JESUS APPEARING TO THE HOLY WOMEN.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

And behold, as they went on their way, the Lord Himself unto them came, and said, when He appeared:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

All hail! Blessed are ye women. All the things ye have done, all the tears ye have been shedding, signs of a faithful love, have

their reward in Heaven. Be not afraid, but go, tell ye My brethren they shall see Me, and they shall then sorrow no longer. Depart quickly, and say to them that ye have this day seen the Lord.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

And they fell at His feet, and, holding them, they worshiped: and the Lord disappeared. The women then arose, and continued their journey.

No. 4.—THE SANHEDRIM.

RECIT.—[THE NARRATORS.]

Now when these things were done, lo, the watchers came to the city, they that till morning guarded the tomb; and they told to the priests all the things they had witnessed.

CHORUS.—[SOLDIERS OF THE WATCH.]

Christ is risen again. Vainly we kept a watch. Lo, the tomb open stands. This in truth is a sign. Jesus Christ, He whom some as a prophet regarded, the Just One, and was He more than mortal?

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

The priests and the elders were greatly amazed; but at length, consulting together, to the soldiers they gave large money, and they taught them:

CHORUS.—[THE PRIESTS (TENOR).]

Say ye that in the night His disciples have come, while ye were fast asleep, and stolen Him away. If the matter should come to the Governor's ears, and if he should resolve to punish guards who sleep, we will rid you of care. Rely on us, we will persuade him.

CHORUS.

Now behold ye the guard, this your sleep-vanquished guard!

Ah! ye priests who conspired, ye yourselves were in slumber,

What time ye to the shameless betrayer did number,

In return for his deed, that agreed-on reward. To the crime ye were blind; yet does justice record

That through gold, which the hand of the traitor did cumber,

For ages on your heads shall contempt be out-poured.

No. 5.—THE HOLY WOMEN BEFORE THE APOSTLES.

RECIT.—[THE NARRATORS.]

Now while by their bitter sorrow the disciples were dismayed, for their comfort they be-thought them of the promise of their Master, that they should see Him again. But so it was, when the tidings were brought them, their faith displayed itself as inconstant and doubtful.

TRIO.—[THE HOLY WOMEN.]

The Lord, He is risen again:
To our sight and to our hearing
Have wondrous signs been appearing:
He doth manhood yet retain.
The Lord, He is risen again.

Him we saw, when home returning
At the breaking of the day;
Our hearts are within us burning
All grief and doubt passed away.
The Lord, He is risen again.

CHORUS.—[THE DISCIPLES (TENOR & BASS).]

Though we fain would have believed you,
Some form surely has deceived you,
Some phantom, seen in the night.
From trusting what you have told us
Lack of witness must withhold us;
We rely on hearing and sight.

SOLO.—[SOPRANO AND CHORUS.]

From Thy love as a Father,
O Lord, teach us to gather
That Life will conquer Death:
They who seek things eternal
Shall rise to light supernal
On wings of lowly faith.

No. 6.—JESUS APPEARING TO THE APOSTLES.—THE ASCENSION.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

The apostles that were left at evening met together, the doors now being shut; and, while they were assembled, the Lord Himself came, and stood in the midst. They were greatly afraid at the sight, but He said:

SOLO.—[JESUS.]

Be not afraid, it is I! your heart need not be troubled. Behold! for I am not a shadow, an apparition; I am such as I was when I walked on the sea. Behold! for a spirit can have neither flesh nor bones.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

And the disciples did obeisance; and they fell on their knees, in fear, giving Him worship; and the Lord then approached, and said:

• SOLO.—[JESUS.]

Arise, and hear! All authority is Mine in Heaven and on the earth, and by you shall witness be borne unto Me. To all the nations bear the news of salvation. Depart, give them the word which I gave unto you, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. I leave you My peace, and I am with you alway, yea, to the end of the world.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

After this to a mountain led He them forth, and then, lifting up His hands, as in blessing, He departed, and ascended into Heaven.

CHORUS.

Unfold, ye portals everlasting,
With welcome to receive Him ascending on high.

Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky,

Back to the heavenly mansions hasting.

Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.

CHORUS.—[CELESTIAL CHOIR (SOPRANO).]

But who is He, the King of Glory?

CHORUS.

He who Death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty.

CHORUS.—[CELESTIAL CHOIR (SOPRANO).]

But who is He, the King of Glory?

CHORUS.

Of hosts He is the Lord; of angels and of powers: the King of Glory is the King of the saints.

Unfold, ye portals everlasting,
With welcome to receive Him ascending on high.

Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky,

Back to the heavenly mansions hasting.

Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.

PART III.

NO. 1.—THE PENTECOST.

CHORUS.

Lovely appear over the mountains

The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

SOLO.—[SOPRANO.]

Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.

Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession.

Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,

In the brightness of joy fade away, and are gone.

In this age, truly blest more than ages preceding,

Shall the corn never fail from the plentiful ground;

Under the shining sky shall the lambs gaily bound;

Void of fear, undisturbed, safely shall they be feeding.

Then the timorous doves, wheresoever they fly,

Shall not fear any more the hawk's merciless cry.

CHORUS.

Lovely appear over the mountains

The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.

Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession.

Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,

In the brightness of joy fade away, and are gone.

NO. 2.—THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (TENOR).]

Upon the day of Pentecost it came to pass, that in one place, with one accord, the disciples, according as they were wont, were praying, while they waited for the promise of God.

THE APOSTLES IN PRAYER.

ORCHESTRA.

RECIT.—[NARRATOR (BASS).]

Lo, there came a mighty sound, a sound as of a tempest, and it filled all the place in which they were assembled. Then tongues to

them appeared, and were parting among them. The tongues were like as of fire; and on each one of the chosen band it was sitting. On a sudden appeared the tongues that were like as of fire, parting among the band.

RECIT.—[THE NARRATORS.]

At once the Spirit came upon them; a holy rapture, their very souls possessing, both inflames and inspires them: these untaught, simple men, these hearts with terror chilled, like to heroes appear, in their zeal for the faith.

SOLO.—[A VOICE FROM HEAVEN (SOPRANO.)]

Go ye forth on your way; the Lord Himself will guide you:

Unto death be ye faithful, whatever betide you.

Through the world go ye forth, unto you it is given

To preach the tidings glad of the Kingdom of Heaven.

No. 3.—HYMN OF THE APOSTLES.

CHORUS.

The Word is Flesh become: thus begin we the story:

Full of grace, full of truth, is He.

In the womb of a Virgin did He veil the glory Of His eternal majesty.

He is before the worlds, all light from him we gather,

God, holy, just and true, is He;

And, like the Holy Ghost, is one with God the Father

In everlasting Trinity.

He has given us His flesh, the life of men to nourish,

Whence we His wondrous love may see.

By His love are we drawn in our inmost souls to cherish

Blessed hope of immortality.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

By faith salvation comes, and by peace consolation.

Hearken! let all give ear to the Lord's declaration.

He has said, At My word have the blind had their sight, and the lame have been healed; the deaf likewise have heard; the dead from the grave have been recalled, and have risen; back to life and to light at My summons returning. He has said to all the unhappy. O come to Me, all ye that are sad and that weep, and I will give your souls the rest they long to find.

SEMI-CHORUS.

He has said, They are blessed, the poor in spirit, for they have the Kingdom of Heaven.

They are blessed that mourn, for they shall have comfort.

They are blessed, they that are meek.

They are blessed that hunger and thirst to be righteous.

They are blessed, they that are kind, pure in heart, seeking peace, falsely blamed for My sake; they the earth shall inherit, they shall have their reward in Heaven.

CHORUS.

The Word is Flesh become: thus begin we the story:

Full of grace, full of truth, is He.

In the womb of a Virgin did He veil the glory Of His eternal Majesty.

He is before the worlds, all light from Him we gather,

God, holy, just, and true, is He;

And, like the Holy Ghost, is one with God the Father,

In everlasting Trinity.

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